



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Humorous Sketches

AND

Addresses.

PROF. J. Q. SMITH.





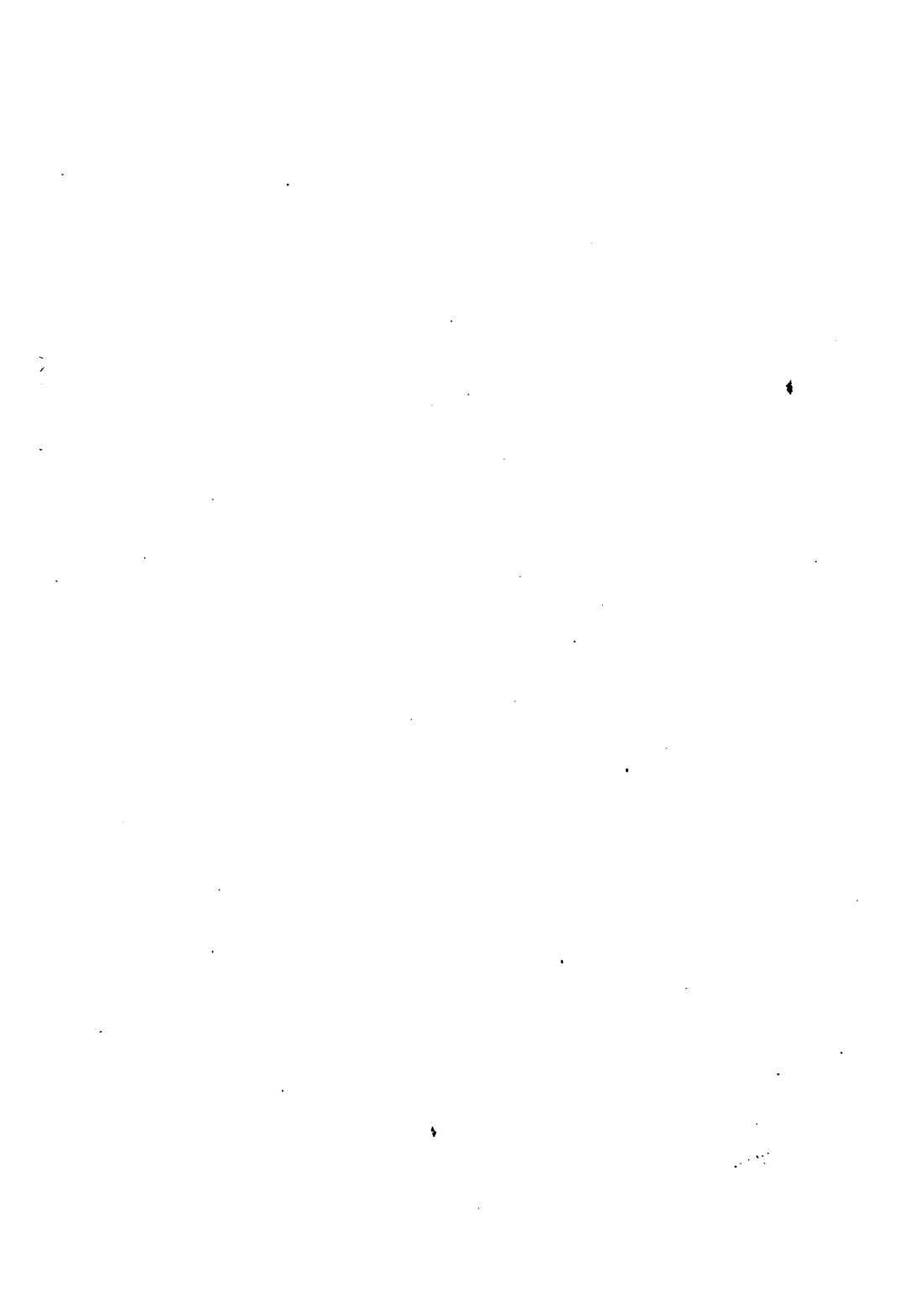


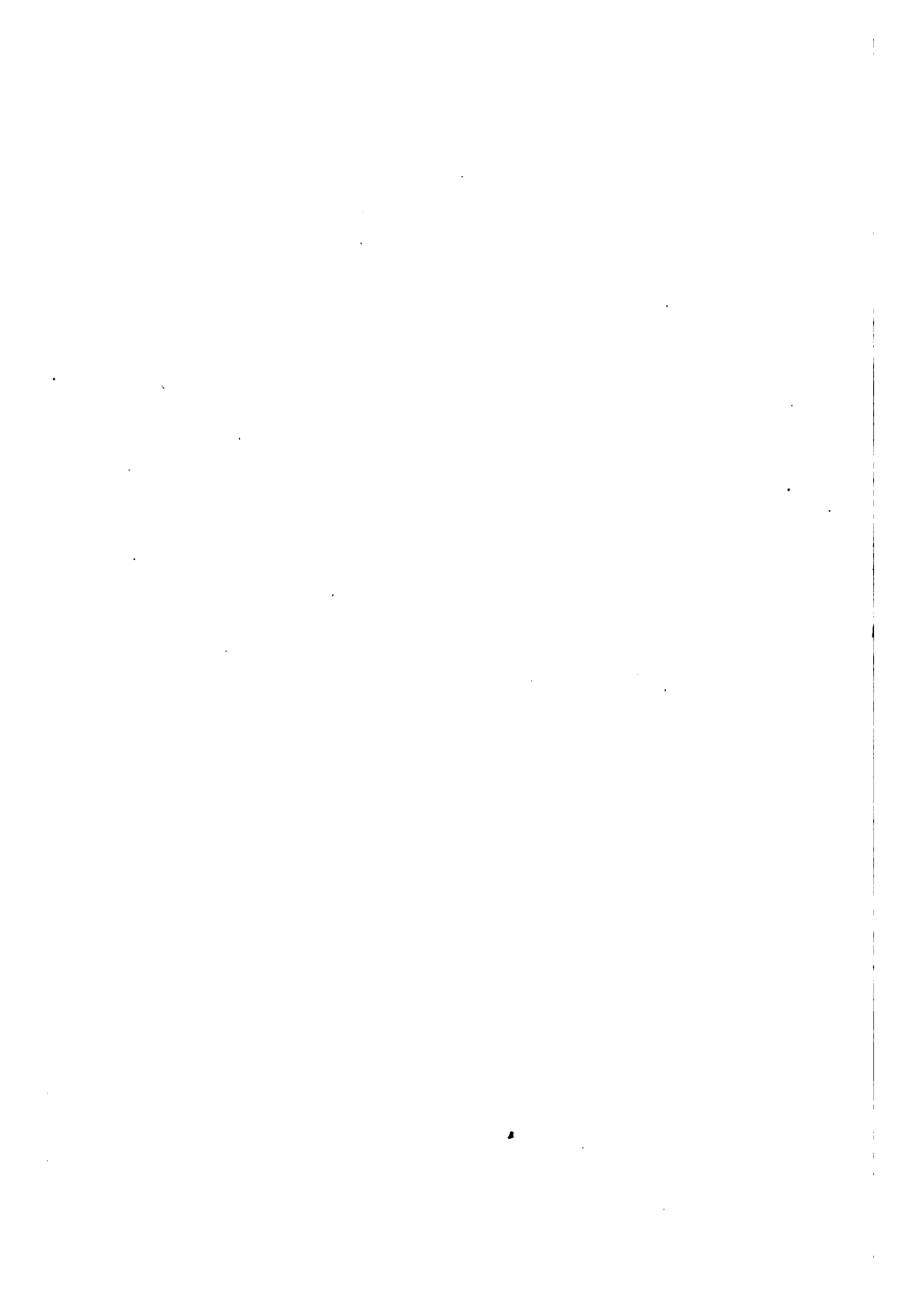
Wit and humor, American 5K-

7th

N³X

n





HUMOROUS SKETCHES

AND

ADDRESSES

BY

PROF. J. Q. SMITH, A. B.,
MD., PB., AM., DD., LLD., EA.,
K of P., FC., AOUW., MML.,
PHD., TYS., X., RAM.,
HMSP., OG., IXL.,
MS., YBD., I.,
M de J.,
Y G.,
Z*

With a Number of Original Illustrations on Wood,

BY

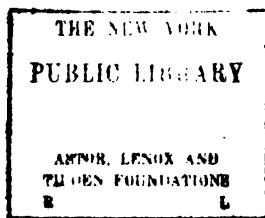
CHARLES E. MARBLE, "OUR NATIVE ARTIST."

*Private Key furnished on application.

DUBUQUE:

1879.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by
JOHN P. BURT,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.



HAM & CARVER.
Printers and Binders,
DUBUQUE.

Seven
Public Feb. 17, 1953

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE, - - - - -	4
SCINTILATOR OF GENIUS, - - - - -	7
AN EDUCATIONAL THEORY, - - - - -	39
EPHY STRONG OR THE MULE, - - - - -	53
SYBLYNE BROWNE AND I, - - - - -	73
CROSSING THE MAUMEE, - - - - -	101
DINGBAT ON NOAH, - - - - -	131
WIDOWED, - - - - -	158
EPILOGUE, - - - - -	160

PREFACE.

Let me premise a little with a simile.

A father holds his only infant in his hands, and starts it off on its first move at crawling. Reluctantly he takes away his kind, sustaining arms until at last the little one is left to do and dare alone.



Emotions kind and tender fill his parent heart, as eagerly he watches all its first attempts. How easily his mind runs out to castle building, and he sees the crawling infant stand erect and move with manly mien; a very lord among his fellows.

But I anticipate.

Just now I'm like that parent—at the point of losing hold upon his child.

This little book is the first creation of my heart and brain. Alone, meanwhile, I've laughed with it, and learned to love it not a little.

Now I set it down before the world, to crawl and creep along. Will people think a tithe of it that I do?

Will kind hands be outstretched to help the puling thing along?

Will it e're be a man, and walk erect, and battle like a knight with worthy foemen and compeers?

Or will it prove a poor, weak bantling, or a cur, and be compelled by cuffs and scoffs and hootings, to slink back to darkness and the obscure hands of him who started it?

Thus bringing back unto his soul a bitter pang and disappointment sore, that he did for a moment think his writings worthy of a public place, or dreamed of doing that whereby he might by courtesy be termed an

AUTHOR.

February, 1879.

Scintillator of Genius.

HUMBUG SKETCH.

SCINTILLATOR OF GENIUS.



THE common people have always had an impulsive yet direct way of expressing themselves. They receive and adopt new ideas slowly.

In confirmation of these assertions I cite the cases of Gallileo, Columbus, Harvey on the circulation of the blood, Fulton with his steamboat, Stevenson with the railroad, Morse with his telegraph, and the telephone with somebody attached to the other end of it. Each one of these distinguished characters has in turn been denominated a humbug. It may have jarred somewhat on their feelings for a time, but they were not overwhelmed by it.

From separate niches in the Temple of Fame, they now smile down upon the broken efforts of their detractors.

I am longing to occupy a stall in the aforesaid temple, and in their company; and am even willing

to be called a humbug, if necessary, in order to accomplish that object.

If my plans do not miscarry, I cherish fond hopes that the Goddess of Fame will prepare and set aside, for my sole use and occupation, the finest and most desirable suite of appartments at her command.

I will now proceed to give you the reasons why I entertain such fond illusions, and hold to such exalted expectations.

The discoveries and achievements of all these distinguished characters have been in the line of materiality.

My discovery reaches out into the soul life, and must eventually revolutionize humanity as the railroad and steamer have superceded the ox team and sail boat.

I have named my discovery THE SCINTILLATOR OF GENIUS.

I will now relate some of the circumstances of its wonderful inception, and disclose its principal properties.

I was twenty-one years of age and a traveler in Hindustan, having been lately discharged from the not over desirable situation of raft cook on the river Nile, in Egypt.

That grand stream which rises nowhere and sets in the Mediterranean sea, not far from Cairo, after meandering around and about the grandest monuments of antiquity.

I was a dull child, at least everybody told me as

much, and try my best I could make no progress in book learning.

The height of my ambition, at that time, was to become so situated that I could always have a square meal at command. Say, for instance, flap-jacks for breakfast, and Bologna sausage and such like at lunch time.

My mental powers were rather poorly. The donkeys and other animals of that section of the world, seemed to hit it fatter, as a general rule, than did I.

At this juncture, thinks I to myself, I'll just run over the Mountains of the Moon, and endeavor to get the situation of steward at the celestial court of Siam. I had heard it rumored that the late occupant had departed this life from over eating.

My heroism never faltered for a moment, in urging me on to tempt the same fate.

It may have been my stomach, instead of the heroic element, which prompted me to this perilous undertaking. Seizing Time by the forelock, I started out on this dangerous enterprise. I climbed the mountain, and was passing through a narrow defile or gorge, at a dizzy height, when my attention was attracted to some loose rock and debris falling into the trail just before me.

I cast a searching look up the mountain side, and there I beheld a bluish-gray, grizzly bear, with mouth and paws open, sliding down towards me.

A quick glance around convinced me that escape was impossible. I don't think I would have run

away or have beaten an inglorious retreat, even if an opportunity had been afforded. In dear America I had learned that one should always die with "your face tor'ds the foe."

And I remembered when starting out, and mother handed me my bundle of clothing and underwear, she kindly remarked to me:

"My son, return with it or on it, having all your cuts, and scars, and wounds, in front."

The memory of this scene always made me feel Spartanish. Run! not I.

I went through myself rapidly, but the only weapon I could find was a jack-knife with one blade, and that broken half off.

I faced the bear and the bear faced me, we clinched, and soon we were at it, "tooth and toe nail." Sometimes I was on top, and then again the bear overshadowed me. His embrace was warm and emphatic. I sawed at him with the open knife, but he failed to loose blood fast enough to weaken his grip.

After tussling thus for an hour or so, I began to feel quite homesick, and thought how pleasant it would be to die in one's own, dear, native land, with loving hands and faces around one's bedside, when I noticed that we were rolling over the edge of a fearful precipice. Before I could prevent it we were gone.

Down—down—down we go. The bear loosens his embrace. I let up on the bear. His hot breath, like a sirocco of the desert, no longer consumes my cheek.

Down—down—down—I feel like Vulcan when hurled from lofty Olympus by the irate Thunderer.

Down—down—down—passing through thousands of airy feet.

My pulse is lowering, and my breath comes short.

Oblivion is stealing along the avenues of my body towards the citadel of life.

A dull languor unnerves my hand, from which the jack-knife falls.

Earthly connections are being rapidly severed.

My vest becomes unbuttoned!

Just at this moment I felt myself tearing through the branches of a tree. My momentum is thus momentarily decreased until I again stand erect as ever on Mother Earth, a saved mortal!

Peans of thankfulness well up to my lips.

I hang my buttonless vest upon a bush as a sacrifice to Neptune for my successful voyage.

The bear, missing the tree, is dashed into a million atoms.

But what mean these new sensations which I experience as I gradually come to myself?

I gaze upon nature and the mountains with emotions which had never before thrilled my bosom.

The picturesque, the beautiful, the grand and magnificent, are all taken in and appreciated with zealous fervor.

The countless interminglings of color, light and shadow, attract my attention, and overwhelm me with nameless emotions.

As one by one, stars twinkle out at eventide, so dawned upon my mental vision, countless new and pleasant thoughts.

They chase one another through my mind, as bright-eyed gazelles glide over the plains, followed by antelopes, buffaloes and other animals which, at this writing, are too numerous to mention in full detail and minutely.

I could but stand astonished, stupified!

Thus might I have remained forever, drinking in these new emotions—but I concluded not to act in such a manner.

Practical ideas at last came surging in upon me, and I asked myself the pertinent question: "Whence this transformation?"

Could it have been caused by the fall? Thousands have fallen, before me, with no such results.

Could the tussle with the bear have caused it?

Bear encounters had produced no such results before. There must be another solution to this enigma.

Just at this point I noticed that my hands and clothing were stained with juice. I tasted a strange flavor, and a new odor assails my nostrils.

In a delirium of discovery I seize a handful of the leaves of the tree through which I had fallen and first smell, then taste them.

Again, and with redoubled force, these new sensations assail and overwhelm me.

Clapping my hands and dancing for joy, I cry out in ecstasy: Eureka! Eureka!! Eureka!!!

I have since learned that another man, Pythagoras by name, made the very same exclamation, thousands of years ago, when he discovered that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the opposite sides.

This circumstance would seem to give color to the theory that the world moves in cycles, and that there is nothing new under the sun.

Pythagoras probably never dreamed that I would be caught in such a predicament, amidst the vast solitudes of the Mountains of the Moon; and I, also, was in total ignorance of his connection with the aforesaid hypotenuse.

We both agreed, however, in this far, that we were supremely happy and we cried Eureka.

I might just at this point remark that the step taken by me during the dancing before mentioned, was that of the reverse glide. I afterwards imparted its rythm to Charles Augustus, and by him it has since been transmitted to the fashionable world.

It is now practiced by all persons having "tone," at social gatherings and fashionable soirees.

It may be justly termed the first fruit of the Scintillator of Genius.

As an eye-opener to the value of this article, I can only ask, what would this weary world be without the reverse glide in winter time?

Its a "knobby" dance, you bet.

Having thus, my friends, torn away the veil from

a secret which nature had concealed for so many ages, the question promptly arose: What shall I do with it?

At this point business ideas crowd in, filled or mingled rather, with philanthropic promptings.

"Here," says I to myself, "will I distill vast quantities of the juice of this plant; return to beloved America, and, *for a consideration*, dispose of it to my fellow countrymen—thus giving them the opportunity to share with me the delights of this glorious soul life."

Action followed quickly on the heels of resolution, and here I am.

The Scintillator of Genius is put up in vials containing from eleven to eight drops.

Dose—A smell for infants and children, once in a year or two.

Adults once in six months.

Price fifty dollars per vial; two vials for ninety dollars, and five hundred dollars by dozen lots. Terms, net cash.

In order to accommodate the incredulous as well as persons of limited means, I furnish single inhalations for the very moderate price of ten dollars each.

You pay before you smell.

The Scintillator may be obtained of the speaker at the close of these remarks, in any quantity to suit those who desire to purchase.

A liberal discount will be allowed to clergymen, local editors and latter day scientists.

I will now take occasion to explain the *modus operandi* of this powerful remedial agent.

The Scintillator of Genius operates directly upon the nerve centers, and from thence radiates over the entire system.

On inhaling it an electric or magnetic thrill seems to start at the central ganglia, and from thence, following up the conducting cord, continues on to the peripheral termination, not being deterred in its onward course by the oleaginous substance which fills that portion of the tube not occupied by the central band.

In fact it vivifies as well as intensifies, every tissue of the nerves, and every portion of the system influenced or in sympathy with the nerves.

Our souls are some way mysteriously in sympathy with the nervous system.

Hence, I unhesitatingly and without a qualm of conscience, claim that the Scintillator of Genius is a genuine soul-startler.

It immediately developes in the person inhaling it to the fullest extent, all those properties of mind and heart which nature intended should predominate.

Hence the result is only the natural man, woman, child or infant, developed by inhalation of the Scintillator of Genius, instead of being prepared by the slower processes of education and experience, to shine in this mundane sphere?

Are not these grand and laudable results.

School taxes may be abolished—and still the voice

of the ever-merry woodpecker be heard in the land.

On this point we will now give you a rest.

In order to remove all doubts that may arise in your minds as to the genuine merits of the Scintillator of Genius, I will now introduce a number of letters and certificates, selected from thousands of a similar character, to convince you fully of the wonderful properties and priceless value of the Scintillator of Genius.

These selections may not do the subject justice, but I assure you that if there be error in their choice it is of the head and not of the heart, as my earnest desire is but to do the Scintillator even and exact justice.

Many of these are unique and worthy of inspection.

I will hold the originals open for examination, to the curious and treasure-hunters.

If not desirous of waiting an opportunity to see them in the crowd who usually flock around the speaker at the close of his remarks, the privilege will be given such of inspecting them by calling at my hotel, during reasonable hours, while I remain in this place.

But to our certificates :

LIGHT HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Prof. J. Q. Smith :

I take great pleasure in saying to you, in regard to the "Scintillator," that it is all you claim it to be. After using the first inhalation, I illuminated the country with the eight to seven power. This in

future ages will be considered as the grandest stroke of diplomacy which ever originated in the mind of a statesman, not excepting the joker in three-card monte. Just before writing the message vetoing the silver bill, I took a smell of the Scintillator, and that document was the immediate result. I have been made aware that Congress and the country at large, do not see it by the same light. How could they, groping around in intellectual darkness as they are? But I trust the grand future to vindicate me, and make this and my Southern policy all "O. K.," so that they will stand out bright and glorious as the noonday sun.

Send me another dozen of the Scintillator, as I may use some on members of the cabinet and foreign ministers. I enclose draft on treasury for proper amount.

HAYS.

P. S.—Please use caution in selling your Scintillator to Senators and Congressmen, as they may cause me trouble, with their numerous schemes.

H.

As Mr. Hays requests, I have resolved to sell no more to Congressmen. I had sold one to a Representative.

It worked like a charm in every way, as will be seen by the annexed certificate, which came to me unasked and unexpected.

It was accompanied by the gift of a silver ice box.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C. }

Prof. J. Q. Smith:

I think the best recommend I can give the Scintil-

lator is to relate a scene which transpired in this House not long since.

The bill appropriating seven or eight millions of dollars for the improvement of rivers and harbors, commonly called the Infernal Improvement and Grand Steal Bill, being under consideration, I inhaled once of the Scintillator, and then instantly arose in my place and spoke as follows :



“ It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that syren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for spoils ? ”

“ Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes, see not; having ears, hear not; and having hands, grab not the modicum which so nearly concerns our monetary salvation ? ”

“ For my part, I care not whatever howl it may raise in the country; I am willing to take my whole share and even a part of my neighbor's, and will take the chances on providing a safe place to put it. They tell us that we are weak and unable to cope

with such an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week or next year?"

"Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and our constituents have failed to return us to this House?"

"Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction?"

"Shall we acquire the means of effective resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?"

"We are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the lobby of this House has placed in our power."

"Eight millions of dollars given into the hands of the Honorable members of this House, and in such a country as we possess, are invincible by any force our enemies may send against us."

"Gentlemen may cry don't! don't! but there is no don't!"

"The measure is here at hand. The next fifteen minutes will witness a vote upon this bill. Our brethren of the senate are all ready to pass it."

"Why stand we here idle?"

"What is it that gentlemen wish?"

"Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, or their slice too small, to be purchased at the sacrifice of eight millions of cash?"

"Forbid it, Jupiter!"

"I care not what course others may pursue, but as for me give me *scads* or give me *death*."

After offering many arguments of a like nature, I closed with the following unsurpassed flow of eloquence:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him

shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of this once glorious bill, on items thereof dissevered, discordant and stricken out, the text rent with useless amendments, or drenched it may be in fraternal tears?"

"Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the glorious ensign of this bill, known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a mark erased or polluted, not a single dollar stricken out—bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as: What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly: Money first and my vote afterwards. But everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and on every wind, and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true Congressional heart: *Liberty, Union and Spoils, Now and Forever, One and Inseperable!*"

Need I add that the bill was carried with eclat, and that ten thousand dollars of it went to clean out the harbor at Dubuque, Iowa, and thirty thousand dollars were appropriated towards making Fever River, Illinois, navigable at least for skiffs during high water.

You see, Professor, that the Scintillator of Genius has become a power in our young and robust nation, and is fast assuming those proportions which its merits demand and justly entitle it to.

Cannot a plan be formed by which I would be enabled to control the sale and use of it, at least in this locality?

Any proposition you may make will be met more than half way by

Sincerely yours,

BENJ. F. SPULTER.

I might just at this point with propriety remark that I can enter into no entangling alliances concerning the proprietary right to sell and use the Scintillator of Genius. That I propose to absolutely control, so long as my life and health are spared.

When my journey through this vale of tears is completed—well, we shall then see.

CITY HALL, DRAINAGE OFFICE.

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq.:

After taking a single sniff of your Scintillator of Genius I was immediately attacked with pontoon on the brain.

The idea was no sardine, but a genuine thousand barrel whale.

My design was and still is to throw a light and airy track over the bosom of the Father of Waters, on which the wheels of Commerce may revolve.

I even studied for a considerable length of time to discover how Moses got a dry track through the Red Sea, but finally decided in favor of the pontoon, as Moses' plan would interfere with navigation and make it rather damp for Grangers above the crossing.

Long live the pontoon, say I, and may you abide long, to dispense the Scintillator to your fellow man.

Having retired from the City Council I will not need the Scintillator as badly as previously, but will call around for a dose within the next ninety days.

You may refer to me as to the efficacy of your compound, and I will take pleasure in enlightening humanity as to its wonderful properties.

Respectfully yours,

JNO. P. RIGLEY.

KITTEN GRANGE, 1878.

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq.:

I inoculated my son Tommy with the Scintillator. He immediately developed into a new being. Has become active, bustling and alive on his feet.

He saws the wood, milks the cow, carries out the slops, procures the daily papers and masticates the hash. He has also developed a taste for mischief which I deprecate, but am willing to take the bitter with the sweet. Last week when Pa was enjoying a siesta, Tommy inserted a quart of bees into the lower end of his pantaloons. After they had got well up the old man noticed the commotion and gave himself a slap. The effect was magical. He reared around like a running horse jockeying for a start, smashed our best kerosene lamp, put the piano out of tune, disorganized my reticule, and finally dashed out into the yard, screaming fire and thieves.

This brought the police who, after infinite trouble, secured him and extinguished the bees by throwing the old man in the cistern. In the meantime Tommy enjoyed the fun, and when Pa came to, talked to him as innocently as a mice.

I didn't tell Pa how it came about for fear of infanticide.

With this drawback I just love the Scintillator, and hope never to be without a bottle in the house.

Sincerely yours,

DORCAS LYNN.

P. S.—The flowing style in which this letter is written is directly attributable to the use of the Scintillator.

D. L.

P. S. S.—Can you send me an antidote to cool down Tommy when he gets on too high a horse?

D. L.

I am sorry to say that I believe no remedy under heaven will stop the Scintillator's action, once started, but time, and time alone.

HEIDELBERG, Germany.

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq. :

For years I have been a sincere admirer of Darwin, and a willing convert to his theory of natural selection and gradual development by evolution.

I spent a great deal of time and energy in endeavoring to discover the missing links between man and the monkey kind, which the great Darwin was at a loss to find.

Whilst my mind was fearfully exercised in this regard a bottle of your Scintillator of Genius came to hand.

I took a dose and soon after passed into a trance or comatose condition or state.

Thus spiritually was I transported over land and sea until I finally stopped at the foot of a mountain near Lake Nyanza, in Central Africa.

Soon a large troop of monkeys and baboons made their appearance on the crest of the elevation, and at a given signal formed in single file, and began to slide down the side, giving out sounds of hilarity and great enjoyment. I noticed that the track where they slid down was of solid rock; but worn as smooth as glass, with a groove in the center so that their tails gave them no trouble while enjoying the sport, as these just fitted in the excavation.

For some reason one of the monkeys got mad, and I noticed him stealthily approach the groove and insert a razor blade in a niche just adapted to receive it.

The troop again formed in line and started for a

slide, and as each one passed the razor he progressed—minus a tail.

The mischievous monkey disappeared in the brush, and I did not see him any more.

Here occurred the variation insisted upon by Mr. Darwin, and as these variations have a natural tendency to perpetuate themselves, it certainly will account for humanity as at present developed, and supplies the missing link required to substantiate Mr. Darwin's theory.

After passing out of the trance state, I resolved to verify the vision by tangible evidence, and started with a company of scientists for the field of operations.

In due time we arrived at the point indicated, but I could not locate the sliding place. All the other points were easily found.

Thinking it might be buried beneath the cosmical deposit of the ages, we went to work with pick and shovel, and, sure enough, we soon unearthed the groove, and following this up came to the niche where the razor blade was imbedded.

By excavating in its vicinity we were enabled to gather several bushels of tails in a petrified state.

These we are now sending to the various museums of the civilized nations, and I have this day forwarded several selected specimens to your address.

You may now see, Professor, what an important factor your Scintillator has become, in solving the most obscure problems coming down to us from antiquity. Hoping the above certificate has elucidated the subject sufficiently for comprehension,

I remain, truly yours,

HERR VON JIRBIG.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

J. Q. Smith, Esq.:

After gratifying my nostrils once with the Scintillator, I shortly after discovered a new force which will supersede steam power, &c.

The only difficulty I have is in getting something strong enough to hold it. It works like lubricated lightning. Tally one for the Scintillator.

KEELEY.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq.:

A single application of the Scintillator, and I shortly soar over continents and oceans on a flying machine under perfect control.

It is so good a thing that I propose to enjoy it alone the remainder of my days, but will bequeath the model and designs to the generations which will follow this for general use.

Hoping you may discover the true elixir of life in time for me to use it, I remain,

Yours, &c.

F. NAPOLEON GUERON.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Prof. Smith:

I borrowed a smell of the Scintillator from Bret Hart's Heathen Chinees, who keeps a bottle concealed up his sleeve; as a result I may point with pride to the "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "My Self-Adjusting, Back-Action Scrap Book," etc., etc.

I enclose my draft on the National Bank of the Future for \$500, to pay for one dozen bottles, which I wish sent to reliable parties in Africa, to be used in

the missionary purpose of developing native genius on the spot.

Please acknowledge receipt of draft, and oblige,
yours in the bonds of hope,

MARK SWAIN.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.

Prof. J. Q. Smith:

I hasten to add my little mite of evidence as to the efficacy of your Scintillator of Genius. I will only transcribe a plain and unvarnished tale of what it has accomplished for me personally.

Soon after taking my first smell of the Scintillator, I thought I would go out and chop a little wood.

I had only worked at this a short time when I felt an uncontrollable desire to take a passiada into the timber.

When I got there involuntarily I began to gather herbs, and putting the leaves in my mouth chewed them fine.

After this had continued for a time, and I had began to wonder what would come of it, I noticed by my spittle that it was thick with hair.

Soon the roof of my mouth and tongue became coated with hair, and it sprouted rapidly on my teeth.

I remembered the herbs I had masticated, and then realized that a decoction made from these would produce hair. In fact, my mouth was so full of it that I couldn't shut it to save my life.

I began to think that I should die from this cause in the first throes of discovery, when I naturally reached out for another herb, and chewing this as best I might, it soon removed all the hair from my mouth and teeth, and I breathed free again.

Gathering a quantity of this material I went home

and boiled it; then mixing it with sufficient rain water and oil of Bergamot, began to experiment.

I sprinkled some on the ax handle and chopping log, and bathed a black and tan dog in the decoction.

I could scarcely wait until morning to see the results.

When daylight came I was out.

The ax handle and log were each coated with a nice growth of silky, dark and wavy hair. The black and tan I couldn't find at first, but after considerable search discovered that he was in the center of a fine, large fleece of wool.

I took the fleece down to a commission man and sold it to him for fifty cents a pound, and he seemed anxious for me to bring more.

Black and tan dogs are getting very scarce in my neighborhood at this date.

Comment is useless since you must possess perspicuity of mind as well as penetrativeness.

It fairly makes a bald headed man shiver to get in the vicinity of my compound. It will start a down merely to shake a bottle in the same room where a shiny scalp may be found.

I am at present experimenting to tone down its exuberance of production, as well as to give the different shades desired, and will doubtless succeed ere long.

I place beauty spots on ladies' faces, crowning them with soft and downy surfaces, which is a great convenience for those who are fashionably inclined.

Young men, too, I adorn with moustaches and side whiskers, as they may desire.

I made an application on a youth's upper lip, the other evening. He started immediately for a visit to his lady.

He didn't give the medicine time to dry, I know,

for the next day the lassie had hair spots on her lips, chin, cheeks, forehead, nose, eyelids, and other parts of her face.

He must have been a lively kisser, for he made good time while he was at it.

The female in question was nearly distracted, but I relieved her from the quandary with my antidote.

She has a habit now of wiping a gentleman's face perfectly dry before osculation takes place, for fear of another practical joke.

The other day I slipped and fell, breaking a bottle in my pocket. I wrung out my coat tail and wiped my hands on an iron lamp post.

It soon looked like a buffalo robe. The policeman arrested me, and being taken before a magistrate he fined me fifty dollars and costs for defacing public property. It made me mad to pay it.

In bidding the officers and court adieu I shook hands with each of them, taking care to have my palm and fingers well moistened with the compound. Such a lot of hands streaked with hair you never saw!

Each one now is compelled to carry a pair of scissors, and it keeps them quite busy clipping off the hair in order that they may look more like men than hyenas or bears.

I smile as I think that "he laughs well who laughs last."

I am now turning out hair mattresses of a superior quality, and am scheming for other useful purposes to put my medicine to.

Hoping the above certificate may give you some satisfaction, I remain

Yours in the cause of Progress,
HYRUM MULQUEENY SCOTT.

Boston, Mass.

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq. :

I am forced, under the conviction of doing justice, though the very heavens fall, to write you of what your Scintillator of Genius has done in my case.

After my first dose appeared my Treatise on Biology, with preludes on current events.

The second dose was followed by my work on Transcendentalism.

The third by Heredity.

The fourth by Orthodoxy.

The fifth by Evolution.

And thus might I enumerate a long list, which would be fatiguing, even in the mention. Suffice it to say that my elucidation of these various topics has harmonized theology with the advances of science and removed a cloud of doubt and uncertainty which has been hovering about the atmosphere of the evangelical world. It is my present purpose to keep on dosing and elucidating until skepticism and rank infidelity have not a leg to stand on.

Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH ROOK.

P. S.—If you, Professor, have any doubts about my ability to accomplish the above task, please drop me a line marked private and confidential, and I will send you my autograph certificate lately composed by myself, which will doubtless set your mind at rest upon that point.

J. R.

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq. :

I had scarcely gotten under the influence of my first smell of your Scintillator of Genius when I dis-

covered that "An honest God is the noblest work of Man."

Having established this as a basal point, it was an easy matter to arrive at the conclusion that our entire system of theology at present in vogue among civilized nations, is a gross deception and fraud, and that the entire body of the clergy are lending themselves to its perpetuity for the sake of the money that's in it as well as the nice, fat livings to be enjoyed from such a course.

My mind now seems to be completely emancipated from all the thralls which the teachings of Christianity throws around ordinary men. It is no trouble at all for me to cast ridicule and contumely upon all such doctrines, and I can even insult and bring into contempt all their most sacred and tender emotions. I am endeavoring to initiate those forces which will tear down this structure reared by Ignorance and Superstition, and erect in its place an altar on which shall stand the trinity of Knowledge, Experience and Fact, before whom all men can bend a willing knee, and thus be ushered in the millenium, wherein the universal brotherhood of man will be recognized, and as its great High Priest will stand,

Yours truly,

BOB JINGERSOLL.

PAS A L'OUTRE, }
Louisiana, U. S. A. }

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq. :

I fully realize that I owe a solemn duty in regard to your Scintillator of Genius, as through its agency I projected and pushed to a glorious completion that most magnificent of modern structures, the bridge over the Mississippi River at St. Louis.

When this was finished, a thought struck me fore and aft, as we sailors, with more force than elegance, sometimes express ourselves.

It was in this wise:

The river is constantly depositing sediment, and if means are not adopted to keep a steady flow, the water will constantly rise, higher and higher as the ages crowd on, and thus in time the bridge will have to be removed, so that steamers will not be interfered with in navigating the river.

This could only be accomplished by deepening the channel of the river at its mouth, necessitating the removal of the bar which has for ages been forming there.

A Herculean task you say, and one might well shrink from undertaking it.

But nothing dared nothing done. I roamed about here studying, conniving, thinking, when I concluded to take another dose of your Scintillator.

I had hardly placed the bottle in my pocket when an idea struck me with such force that it knocked me flat, or *hors du combat*.

It took me hours before I could properly size and stand up to it.

The conception of that moment has never before this writing been given to the world.

I then realized that I must conceal my main idea and operate through a blind.

Hence I interested Congressmen in dredging, spiling, matting and such like fol-de-rol, and thereby secured an appropriation from Congress amounting in the long run to six millions of dollars, to be paid to me on conditions.

Now that everything is fixed, I can safely confide in you and through you to the world, the true secret of my success.

The original idea which knocked me down was *soft soap*.

A strange element to floor a man with, you remark, but read:

I had noticed that when mixed with a tub full of dirty clothes it worked wonders, bringing them out bright and beautiful.

Why not, thinks I, if applied in sufficient quantity, remove a slimy bar from the mouth of a river?

Hence, while the spiling and dredging and matting was going on, each night, under cover of the friendly darkness, I continued to pour soft soap into the water above the bar.

It has worked like a charm, and now we have a channel through which a vessel may safely pass when drawing twenty-four feet of water, and by perseverance it can doubtless be increased to fifty feet or even more.

By such simple and natural means are wonders accomplished. Hercules may have enacted the same joke on the Augean stables and kept to himself his means of doing it.

In my humble opinion the true man of genius is he who is able to adapt means to accomplish given ends, and this I think will generally follow a judicious use of your Scintillator.

Respectfully yours,

CAPTAIN SEEDS.

I also hold certificates from Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Tyndall, Grant, and most of the distinguished characters of the age, showing that by the use of the *Scintillator of Genius* the world is indebted for Evolution, Social Science, Protoplasmic Moners,

Origin of Species, Sherman's March to the Sea, the Prayer Gage, and new and brilliant ideas on theological subjects.

These are open for inspection at the desire of any who will call on me privately.

Time forbids that I make but one more selection. It is a rich morceau from a distant portion of our country. I keep it as a souvenir.

SITKA, Alaska.

Prof. J. Q. Smith, Esq. :

I now take my pen in hand to write you of the wonderful doings of the Scintillator.

I have a daughter about sixteen years of age (more or less), to whom I administered an inhalation of your medicine, mixing it in her tea unbeknown to her.

Soon after I noticed a change steal over her countenance—it became spiritualized or etherialized, if I may so describe it. A new light seemed to gleam out of those windows of the face, her eyes, and her brow became shadowed with thought. She retired to the woodshed and shortly returning, cast into my lap the manuscript of a poem, of which I enclose you a copy. She truthfully names it

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh, the snow! the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below!
Over the house tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.

Beautiful snow it can do nothing wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak—
Beautiful snow from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love.

II.

Oh, the snow! the beautiful snow;
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whisking about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with everyone;

Chasing,

Laughing,

Hurrying by,

It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye,
And even the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive and its heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

III.

How the wild crowd goes surging along,
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by!
Bright for the moment then lost to the eye;

Ringling,

Swinging,

Dashing they go,

Over the crest of the beautiful snow.

Snow so pure when it falls from the sky

To be trampled in time by the crowd passing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of
feet

Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

IV.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell;
 Fell like the snow flakes from heaven to hell;
 Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
 Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat,
 Pleading,
 Cursing,
 Dreading to die,
 Selling my soul to whoever would buy.
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread—
 Hating the living and fearing the dead.
 Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
 And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

V.

Once I was fair as this beautiful snow,
 With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow,
 Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
 Flattered and sought for the charm of my face—
 Father,
 Mother,
 Sister, all,
 God and myself I have lost by my fall,
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
 Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh.
 For of all that is on or about me I know
 There's nothing that's pure but this beautiful snow.

VI.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
 How strange it would be when the ice comes again,
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
 Fainting,
 Freezing,
 Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town;
Gone mad in its joys at the snow's coming down,
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Now Professor, I thought these lines too beautiful to be forever concealed among the snow clad mountains of Alaska, and send them to you in the hope that you will give them publicity, that they may receive the reward they merit, and be a living witness of the effects of your Scintillator.

Faithfully yours,

M. ELIZABETH WILDE.

P. S.—My daughter is now engaged in the composition of a poetical tragedy in thirteen acts, which must captivate the world and—marry her off well.

M. E. W.

And now my friends what more can I add to assure you of the genuine merit and priceless value of the "Scintillator of Genius." Look at the vast array of its noble accomplishments in the various walks of science, literature and the arts. It stands solely upon its merits and challenges successful contradiction. Envy and malice may endeavor to detract from its glory, but all such efforts will fall to the ground.

Then hesitate no longer, but seize upon the magnificent opportunity chance has thrown in your way, and buy a bottle, or at least a smell of this present wonder of the world.

An Educational Theory.

HOBBY SKETCH.

AN EDUCATIONAL THEORY.

EXPECTANT HEARERS:



HERE is something less than a thousand pages of this MS.

It is all good, in fact first class.

I wrote it myself, and can therefore vouch for the truth of this statement.

I earnestly desire to do you good.

I am willing to labor and strive unceasingly to realize the words of Longfellow, in his "Psalm of Life," when, in a plenitude of poetical imagery he calls living "Leaving footprints on the sands of time." In fact, he says:

"Footprints that perhaps another," et cet., et cet., et cet.

Now you may think it is an easy matter to leave footprints.

So it is under proper conditions. But in order to leave footprints in an enduring shape several circumstances are necessary.

First, you must have a foot; Second, there must be a place to put the aforesaid foot down.

We are all supposed to have feet, yet this supposition is sometimes only half true, at others wholly false.

Men have in various ways been deprived of a limb—the foot going with it.

After the battle of the Wilderness there was an active demand for crutches.

In many instances these props were very short for a full grown man.

The action of warlike missiles on the understandings of a man is quite marked and distinct.

They cause him to follow the example of the terminal portion of the spine in ruminating animals, and grow downwards rapidly—for a brief space of time at least.

Should he weather the crisis of loosing both limbs the tracks he would then leave could hardly be taken for those of the human foot.

Our poet evidently did not think of this unfortunate portion of mankind, when he spoke of



“Leaving footprints on the sands of time.”

They will have to become known by some other process.

Necessity is the mother of invention. I therefore prescribe “Verbum sap” for this unique situation.

I myself have a fine pair of feet.

I would like to compare them with the pedal extremities of others present.

But the aforesaid others might not be of the same mind, and I think comparisons are odious anyhow.

In this instance they might be more odious than usual. In fact I will not insist on an actual comparison. By so doing I might offend against the good taste of this assembly, and be compelled to cry out with the tragic hero:

“O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven!”

But to our second point. We cannot leave foot-prints on a solid rock, neither on water.

In the stone case that would be too hard for anything but a cast-iron foot.

Few men have cast-iron feet.

In the water case as soon as you withdraw the foot the aqueous fluid would rush in and close the “yawning gap.”

Byron truly says of the ocean:

“Time writes no wrinkles on thy azure brow.”

I wish that was the case with the human brow—especially with the female brow—man being the stronger vessel can stand it better.

Therefore to make footprints properly the place must be soft or plastic (Am I in the right place?) and you must take off your shoes and stockings.



Washing is not necessary to leave a distinct impression of the foot.

Thus far in life I have been like the flower which “blushed unseen wasting its sweetness on the desert air.” I now propose to

make my debut in the busy world and take an active part in the work of elevating humanity.

But how can I best do it?

“ Ah, there comes the rub ! ”

I propose to rub it on the line of Education, if it takes me all winter as well as two summers.

How to properly educate the young and rising generation, is an important consideration. There are many systems and theories of Education.

Yet I propose to add another to the list and thereby become famous—in the future.

I look for no reward from the present generation.

This has been the case with all truly great reformers in the past, and I can hardly hope for a miraculous interposition in my special favor.

It is well, therefore, for me, that early in life I learned “ to labor and to wait. ”

I propose to teach the youth by instilling into their minds the choicest ideas in connection with ordinary school exercises, drawing them out and pulling them in by modes of induction, reduction and other talismanic processes of syncopation.

In order that you may fully comprehend and appreciate my proposed system, I will give an illustration of the same as occurring in actual practice.

I call the second class in reading.

Let us study a poem.

Samantha Brown, read :

“ Page 99, lesson XLVII., Mary’s Lamb. ”

“Mary had a little lamb,
His fleece was white as snow,
And every where that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.”

Now class what did Mary have ?

(Voice)—“ A little lamb.”

Yes, class, Mary had a little lamb.

See how true the poet was to nature, and what excellent taste was displayed.

Now Mary might have had many things, for instance :

A pinching bug :

A snap-turtle :

A soft shell crab :

A bass wood club and a pair of snow shoes :

An elephant :

A mule :

A naughty little mouse who liked strong cheese, and whose breath was odorous.

She might have had a shiny, and played “head all” with the boys on the ice, and many other things which I need not mention, such as Protoplasm on the brain.

Inflammatory sciatica.

Chaldean archiology (sometimes pronounced Kaldæan by the non-classical and vicious, with a triple accent on the *K*) and such like.

But no, it was only a little lamb.

Our poet qualifies this. A gentle adjective is

quietly "slid in" before lamb, which takes us out of the region of doubt as to the color of the lamb. In fact "He was white as snow."

The lamb, I mean the white lamb, has in all ages been deemed an emblem of innocence.

Black lambs are generally naughty and active.

They can wiggle their caudal extremities many times before you can say "scat."

Marys don't like black lambs as a rule.

But our poet says that

"Everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

Now class you must never forget to allow poets to have poetical license with reality.

For instance, if Mary had climbed a telegraph pole, a rope or lightning rod in order to get a better view of the surrounding landscape, the lamb could not have followed her, because Nature did not affix his pedal termini with a view to the surmounting of telegraph poles and such like protuberances.

No, the poet only meant to inculcate that the lamb—he must have been a Cotswold, Southdown or Leicestershire, for Merinos are oily and dark—followed her only where lambs could, would or should go. But Hermann Gantenbein, read:

"He followet her zu skool von tay,
Dot vas against de rool,
It makes de schilders laugh und blay,
Do see der lamb at school."

Now class, it may seem strange that this South-down, Cotswold or Leicestershire white lamb should have followed Mary to school.

Lambs, either white or black, do not generally take kindly to book learning.

A profound knowledge of vulgar and compound fractions is not commonly aspired to by them.

They have taste in the direction of landscapes, especially when crowned with verdure green.

They seem to appreciate such views the more tasty they are. Hence we are fully warranted in the conclusion that lambs have good taste.

They love to jump with rigid limbs—that is to say stiff legged—from shadow into sunshine, and from sunshine back into shadow again, especially if the sunshine be very warm.

But, irony aside, why did this lamb quit “cropping the buttercups out of the grass” and follow Mary?

Marys have been followed ever since the Christian era was ushered in.

Before that date it was some other female.

I myself have observed a specimen of the master race follow a Mary on sundry and divers occasions.

He did not inform me that he was “sweet on Mary,” yet still I guess he was, or rather, I am inclined to believe he was.

Hence I surmise that the heart of this little, white lamb palpitated for Mary, and therefore he concluded that it was good to follow in her footsteps, and keep

as near unto her as adverse circumstances would permit.

But Terrence O'Toole, read :

“ And soh the taycher toorned him out,
But still he lingered nayre,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appayre.”

Read on.

“ And thin he ran to her and laid
His hid upon her arrum,
As if he said, I'm not afraid,
You'll kape me from all harrum.”

Here we have illustrated the old and ever touching story of love under trying circumstances, and a striking example of what patience will accomplish.

I can imagine the aforesaid lamb making his escape from the school house door just in advance of the toe of a number ten boot.

Such summary ejection must have shocked and chagrined his most tender feelings.

He might have lost heart and desired his mother to have “put him in his little bed,” and indulged in other promptings of sentiment.

But no, he simply resigns himself with Christian fortitude to this base treatment and remains out of doors, tasting the landscape and fighting flies, until he sees the gentle form of Mary appear.

She “claps him around in a loving embrace” and

rains kisses mingled with tears all over his innocent countenance.

He evidently takes this treatment in good part.
(Where's a Mary to do so to me?)

Our author does not make him talk sheep talk, as another has done in the famous poem of

“Bah, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?” et cet.

He, the lamb, does not move backwards and come up to her on a dead run, with head down, eyes closed, neck stiffened, and thump her with force sufficient to produce black and blue spots, necessitating the use of Tincture of Arnica or a cold water pack.

Ah, no!

He just keeps folded in her loving embrace and looking up into her countenance with his melting sheep's eyes, he seems to murmur:

“I put it there for ninety days.”

But William Henry Harrison Jones, read,

“What makth the lahmb love Mawy tho?
The eagah childwen twy;
O, Mawy lovth the lahmb you know,
The teachah did weply.”

We must here once more make allowance for poetical license.

There is a novel called “Bread and Butter and Kisses.”

A world of philosophy is contained in that name or title.



Kisses are awful nice—so I'm told.

But then howsomever, nevertheless, hence, therefore, moreover also, in the which we can take bread and butter three times a day, for three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and then "keep up that gait" for more years than any of us will ever get a chance to do.

Kiss fodder isn't quite so lasting, tho' awful nice—once in awhile—so *I'm told*.

A person once kissed Mary and described the sensation as going all over him in streaks.

Such streaks are not visible.

They cannot be detected by the naked eye.

This circumstance is fortunate for Mary.

It makes it possible for her to say truly to the boys,

"Kiss, but never tell."

Speaking of kisses reminds me of Copenhagen, heavy, heavy hangs over your head, fine or superfine, forfeits, ante and pass the—lamb, and such like innocent games of our youth.

Yet now as age is creeping on and earth experience becomes more extended, I somehow doubt whether that lamb followed and loved Mary solely for the sake of being clasped about in a loving embrace, and having kisses rained down on his upturned face.

Mary probably at sundry and divers times stuffed him full of generous diet, and made scratching a living rather a soft job for him.

In return for all of which he "kind of took" to the kissing and embracing, and did not get mad even when she tickled his nose with a straw, or blowed smack into his ear, or snapped a new patent clothes pin onto his tail, causing him to jump around kind of wild and careless to shake it off again.

But Diana Vere de Vere, read:

“And you each gentle animal,
To you for life may bind,
And make it follow at your call,
If you are always kind.”

Yes, class, here is the key note for all the grand and nobler strains of humanity.

By kindness the mother breathes into her offspring those tender regards which outlast all the prides and ambitions of life, crowning her memory with blessings and tears when age has bowed the form and all the fires of life are burning low.

By kindness we make our friendships and all the love scenes of our existence.

By kindness we subdue our enemies.

A kind answer turns away anger.

By kindness the Master has lead the hearts of countless of millions of men to love him. Worship at his altars is growing green as the centuries glide by.

Kindness forms the golden links of that chain

which binds man to man, humanity to the Master,
the Nazarine to God.

I pray you never to forget it. Strive ever to be
kind.

Gphy Strong or the Mule

OVER-CONFIDENCE SKETCH.

EPHY STRONG, OR THE MULE.



HEN the magnificent and instructive essay which follows had been written it became necessary to give it "a local habitation and a name."

Under literary pressure I dashed off Ephy Strong, and was about to file it with other MS., when the "little monitor" within objected and put it this wise:

"You should designate your effort by a name which would be an epitome of its contents."

I could not resist the force of such reasoning, and therefore run my pen through the above title and in a bold, clear hand wrote: The Mule.

The aforesaid monitor immediately objected quite as strongly to this appellation as to the previous one and I began to be muddled.

But in a glow of inspiration I remembered the course sometimes adopted by the United States Congress, debating societies and other distinguished organizations, and compromised the matter by calling it by its full and true name of EPHY STRONG, OR THE MULE.

Several thousand years ago, just before the dawn of this historical era, there lived a man by the name of Homer.

He was subject to the poetical afflatus.

In fact he had it bad.

Yet there is quiet a marked distinction between Homer and many poets who have lived and flourished subsequent to his era.

In the composition of the divine afflatus which bothered Homer, there was much more of divine af than there was of flatus.

These others, their opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, have more of the flatus than of the divine af.

Were it not for the elastic properties pertaining to humanity these people with the flatus would have made us as thin as finger nails, sorghum syrup, Russia iron, or a map of Egypt and the Holy Land.

They abound in all communities and are of both sexes.

The girls all have it, at or before sweet sixteen.

It generally lasts with them until thirty days after marriage.

Men are more persistent.

They will tussle longer with the old saw of

“ If at first you don’t succeed
Try, try again.”

We write poetry ourselves.

We always think our poems are gems of art when

first completed. After a time they don't seem so good, and finally they go out in a blaze by cremation.

We notice the flatus gets us after a dance or a picnic, when soft glances, a gentle pressure of the hand, moonlight, et cet., are *au fait*.

There is one point at least, in which we do not resemble Homer.

He was stone blind.

So was John Milton:

Also Eros.

It may be that if we poets were all blind we could do better with the flatus in the way of giving it the cold shoulder without fear of being knocked down and otherwise abused, for who would strike a blind man? Thus might we crown humanity with thought wreathes so bright and beautiful that roses, violets and coy hairbells would die out from sheer jealousy.

We claim this thought as original.

We will take steps to have it copyrighted at an early date, and now give notice that all infringements on the same will be prosecuted to the bitter end.

At this point some person may ask the pertinent question: "Why was Homer introduced?"

In the language of the immortal Minne-ha-ha. Laughing Water,

"I will answer, I will tell you."

Had Homer—for none but a Homer could do the

subject justice—lived about the year A. D., 1860, in Pike County, State of Missouri, he would have learned the facts hereinafter narrated.

Having acquired these, their tragic significance would have so filled and inspired his soul, that he would thereupon have proceeded to write an epic which would have sent them down as magnificently to the coming generations, and made as well known several thousand years from now the facts of this tale and the heroes thereof, as at present we are familiar with the life and deeds of Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, Paris, Helen, Nestor "*et id hoc genus omne.*"

I have vainly spent considerable valuable time engaged in looking for a Homer or Homeress.

Having the facts in my possession I now propose to give them to the world at large, and should they reach such a party I pray him or her to weave them into an epic which shall rival if not cast into the shade the Iliad.

It will at least make Pike County, Missouri, and the United States classic ground. They need it badly. I sometimes feel doubtful and have despairing moods on this point however.

Homers are so very scarce.

I feel so anxious that this epic should have an Homeric cast that I have adopted his plan in collating them.

I presume all have read, if not the original, at least Bryant's translation. If so you will have

noticed that at the commencement of each book or canto there is an argument.

This argument contains a clear and concise synopsis of the contents of the book or canto.

I propose to divide these facts into several arguments so that all my Homer or Homeress will have to do is to read the argument and then weave it into proper verse.

It will make a much lighter task for him or her than the ancient Homer had.

He was compelled to furnish both the facts and brains.

All my Homer or Homeress needs is brains.

I come in with the facts.

The action of the Iliad is crowded into the tenth and last year of the siege of Troy.

The action of the epic Ephy Strong or The Mule, will be confined to the events transpiring in a limited number of days.

Our hero stood five feet seven and three-eighth inches in his hose ; was of African descent pure—we call it colored—large eyes, round face, nose flattened as by the well directed stroke of a trip-hammer, mouth attached when warm and spread diagonally all the over the lower part of his classic countenance ; age fifty years, square built, grayish wool, teeth white and sound ; when fully exposed by grinning or laughter the summit of his cranium resembled an isle of the Grecian Archipelago ; heel marked and dis-

tinct, useful in corn planting time for making holes to receive the maize.

Mentally a Hero.

The father of thirteen children by several wives, he had seen them disappear one after another, when massa wanted to take a trip to the sea side, or his daughters gave a grand reception; or his son took a whirl through an eastern college.

Ephy bore all this like a man and never murmured. He is again a widower.

His father had named him Ephraihemham Strong.

This had been contracted by friends and acquaintances into Eph for short, and Ephy for sweet, still both short and sweet combined were in advance of Ephraihemham for dignity.

Ephrihemham was only used on state and funeral occasions.

The Mule was black fringed with brown; sixteen hands high, weight eleven hundred pounds, feminine gender and very high strung; her best hold was kicking.

Our narrative will fully disclose her powers in this direction.

Nearly every mule breaker in Pike County had tried his skill upon her, and all had surrendered at discretion.

Eph finally took the job in hand, and by patience and perseverance was using her regularly as one of his team.

Thereby he became famous and the pride and envy of all that region.

Still Ephy bore his blushing honors well and modestly, and as time wore on confidence in his own powers became assured.

He even contrived ways in which to utilize her kicking proclivities.

A touch upon the limb always brought a ready response. Ephy had discovered this fact through a long series of experiments, hence when plowing and a blue bottle fly lit upon his ear, he touched her scientifically and she would immediately telegraph the fly off.

This was a stretch of fine art that neither Hector or Achilles ever attained to.

At least if they did Homer has utterly failed to mention the fact, an omission which that cute observer would scarcely have been guilty of, yet "there is no rose without a thorn" as witness:

Ephy plowing, stops his team to take a chew of tobacco, lines adjusted on plow handle, plug and knife in hands, whip slips onto whiffletrees, touches limbs of mule, lightning strikes Ephy just under his left ear.

He rises heavenward with two motions, one describing the arc of a circle, the other motion being rotary and resembling that of a circus actor flip-flapping across the sawdust arena.

Ephy, however, preserves his presence of mind. He finishes taking the chew, returns plug of tobacco

and knife into his pocket, says "Now I lay me" and "Mary had a little lamb," sings the doxology in orthodox or evangelical style.



The motion still continuing, he repeats Milton's address to the Sun, when he comes down on "all fours" at the further end of the field.

He hurries back to resume operations in lacerating the humid glebe. Mule works ears and seems to twinkle out of eye "got you that time Ephy!"

Still Ephy's confidence remains unshaken.

"Misfortunes never come singly," they say.

Next day Eph was working at the barn. Aminidab Young, a colored friend from Coon Forks, steps in with "Mornin', Ephy, mornin." Had a habit of calling on Ephy semi-occasionally. He sees the mule—she looks fine—walks up and slaps her with "stan' over thar." She lets out straight and powerful with both hind feet, and Aminidab disappears as a dissolving view of the kaleidoscope.



Ephy hunts about for a piece of nose, ear, pocket book, hair or nail.

The stroke of the mule was as searching as though Aminidab had drank a gallon of nitro-glycerine and then been struck on the back with a sledge hammer.

His annihilation had been both specific and complete.

Edgar, Lord of Ravenswood, left a plume upon the treacherous sands to indicate his point of departure.

All that Ephy can discover of his departed friend was a slight discoloration on an opposite beam, and that quite faint.

Our hero energetically smiting his lacerated bosom, wails "onsartin woorled," then pulling his nose and glaring with his right ear, while a furtive smile steals over and around and through the various corruscations of his mouth, he adds, "funeral expenses saved!" and thereupon proceeds to pray for the peaceful rest of the wicked.

(Compilers marginal note.)—Compare the disappearance of Aminidab Young, as herein given, with that of Paris as described by Homer in the third book of the Iliad.

The Paris feat was accomplished by the goddess Venus backed by many of the gods of Olympus.

But Paris was out again and robust in battle only a short time subsequently.

We think the mule feat takes the cake, as unaided by divine power and by means of her doughty hind feet alone, she had caused the angelification of said Young, who has remained in total eclipse up to the date of this writing.

We approach a charming love scene with striking action.

Ephy is once more discovered at the barn.

A carrier dove flutters in and gently reposes on his shoulder.

Beneath its wing is nestling a tasteful billet doux tied with ribbon of cornelian hue.

It is taken, kissed, opened and his eye consumes its tender contents.

Just as he finishes a shadow flits across the barn door and a gaiter shoe is placed upon the threshold.

The shoe belonged to Cleopatra White, the writer of the note, and at this moment encased the extremity of one of her limbs.

It was by her hand that the teeming lines of said note had been traced.

The black brown mule occupied the stall next to the door.

Ephy at a glance realizes the terrible danger just in the near vicinity of this most loved one.

He remembers Aminidab's sad fate, he might say explosive end.

Love prompted, he draws in a full inspiration and shouts:

GIT BACK!!!



In comparison to the call of Ephy, my voice would be as the tone of a musquito to the reverberation of Niagara, the scratching of my pen to the sturdy note of a trip hammer, a soprano's high *C poco lento* to the riveting of a steam boiler.

These comparisons might be easily extended to consume an entire chapter, but let the above suffice to mark the effect.

The dove falls dead, torn to atoms.

One mule lies prostrate. The kicking mule is on her fore knees, but reaching out in all directions with her hind feet.

Cleopatra was thrown about forty rods from the barn against and then partly through a straw stack. Her diamond pendants torn from both ears and hopelessly lost. Her number twelve button kids are busted and gone. Her eyes, mouth and nose are filled, or gorged rather, with hay seed and chaff. Chignon gone where the woodbine twineth. Her camel's hair shawl dangles about her neck like so many skeins of patent thread. Her bombazine sacque is scoloped.

In fact, she presents the general appearance of a hen emerging from the profound abyss of a wash tub filled with suds.

Ephy casts one glance at the disorganized Cleopatra and trembles. Cleopatra glances at Ephy, the beloved, and realizing her condition, gathering her shreads about her, she disappears from view like an urchin into the jaws of an alligator.

(Compiler's second marginal note.)—Compare this with the parting scene between Hector and Andromache, as described in the sixth book of the Iliad. Ephy's last boy is not introduced, as at this time he was on a prolonged visit to the city of St. Louis, his life services having been contracted for by a stranger for the sum of eleven hundred and fifty dollars, cash down.

In some respects this meeting and parting of Ephy and Cleopatra was unique.

It has very touching points about it. But my heart fails me to probe it farther for fear of causing tears to flow, and being of a tender heart I have no desire to open up the gushing fountains of your soul.

We now approach the tragedy.

Ephy's confidence in his victory over the mule had become completely established.

He simply smiles when massa says : " Be careful, Ephy, careful. "

He does not see the point to

" Stranger she is fooling thee,

Beware ! take care ! "

In this mood he returns joyous from the field and stables mules. Carelessly he walks into the stall of the black brown mule, casts into her manger a handful of hazel brush and slough grass, as a fit and proper meal. As Ephy turns to retire she seizes him by the back bone just between his shoulders, and having a fine, first class grip she shakes him up lively,

as though intent upon making him part with his liver and gall.

Ephy cries murder! fire!! help!!! thieves!!!!

There is no hand outstretched to save him.

He next indulges in a season of earnest and excited prayer. This done, he takes up a collection by passing his last quarter from his pants into his vest pocket. Still no succor.

He begins to kick, but everytime he strikes the mule she reaches for him with her fore limbs.

As yet there is no hinderance to the mule's progress in the pursuit for Ephy's gall and liver, and her researches in that direction are animate, thorough and amazing.

In despair he begins the composition of an epitaph for his tombstone, when massa, who had been down in the woods to cut a hay binder, appears at the door with the sapling on his shoulder. He takes in the situation at a glance.

There is seventy-five dollars' worth of mule and twelve hundred dollars' worth of animate colored man at stake.

He isn't long in making up his mind which to save.

He immediately begins to thump the mule with the binder. Ephy, first putting back the collection into its original pocket, encourages him to persevere by crying, "bar down, massa, bar down," and massa, suiting deed to word, responds "I'se baring, Ephy, I'se baring."

The mule at first pays no attention to his strokes,

but remains intent in her pursuit after Ephy's gall and liver.

Finally massa, tiring of striking straight up and down, falls into a rasping lick which cannot be ignored.

The mule reaches out with one hind foot straight; then with the other; next with fore feet in turn; then with fore and hind foot combined on one side; also on the other side. Then she kicks zig zag. Seeing all these attempts vain, she finally let out with all four feet and squealed.

Here she loses her grip on Ephy, who disappears into the loft with the rapidity of a discharged cannon ball. He shortly slides down through a back opening, and seating himself on a half bushel measure, in response to massa's admonition of "I told you, Ephy, to be carful," swaying himself from side to side, a picture of misplaced confidence and despair, in plaintive tones he exclaims: "I'se done got my dose, massa. I'se done gone got my dose!"

The master, consoling him as best he may, procures a supply of Aunt Sally's sticking plaster. He puts a strip down Ephy's back to draw the inflammation out. Places another section all over his stomach to prevent inflammation from getting in that way. Applies a yard or so under each arm to ward off gangrene from stealing around the corners on him. A belt of it is next drawn around his body to keep down its approach from below, and a collar of it about his neck

to prevent ear ache or inflammation of the eyes, nose or brain.

In response to massa's "How's yer feelin' now?" Ephy remarks that he feels as comfortable as a new clapboarded house.

When moving his foot he discovers that his boots are full of fluid. Ephy becomes alarmed and thinks that he is bleeding to death.

Master directs him to draw his boots, which Ephy does as well as he can in his much plastered condition.

Now when the mule held Ephy in her envenomed grasp he became excited and warm. Prespiration exuded from every pore, especially whilst engaged in taking up the collection.

Now the sudor of an American citizen of African descent under such a combination of circumstances is quite rank. Ephy's boots were chuck full of it. Master broke from the barn like a quarter horse trying to catch his breath, and having succeeded, he calls out to Ephy from a distance, telling him to retire to his cabin and burn the boots, promising a supply of sulphur, brimstone and attar of roses sufficient to purify the premises.

Our tragedy is ended.

(Compiler's third marginal note.)—We find no scene in classical literature to compare with the action and denouement of the above narrative.

Hence we may conclude that it is an advance upon

any thing which has preceeded it, and is destined to mark a new era in epic poetry.

Our Homer or Homeress will certainly have a just claim for originality, and can in these new vistas give his or her imagination the widest scope.

We come now quite naturally to the moral to be derived from the above tale, for unless humanity could be benefitted thereby our labor would be lost and fruitless, and the coming generations pass it by as failing utterly in pointedness.

Let us so live and lay our plans that we become not puffed with over-confidence, and over-bearing too, in our behavior.

Ephy by so doing was brought to the half bushel in his old age exclaiming: "I'se done gone got my dose," and was clapboarded with Aunt Sall's sticking plaster, after narrowly escaping the loss of his liver and gall by the teeth of an oppressed and enraged mule.

By so doing we may be brought in the evening of our days, to sit among the broken columns of our fondest hopes and ambitions. Mourning over fruitless efforts and wasted energies, dreaming bright dreams no more; surrounded by a sahara, grateful verdure and smiling valleys gone forever. Mistrustful and suspicious of God, our fellow man, of everything. Better learn early in life "to fly low and light high," if rightfully we may.

Thus may we sit upon the hills of Happiness and Joy and look back over lives resplendent with golden

hues, hearing benisons called upon our memories,
and smiling through these great rewards say to our-
selves the numbers of Richard Realf, in his Old
Man's Idyl:

“Harms of the world have come upon us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain ;
But we have a secret that doth show us
Wonderful rainbows through the rain ;
And we hear the tread of the years go by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills ;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago.
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow—
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,
The wind grows cold—it is growing late—
Well, well—we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling—and we wait.”



Sybline Browne and I.

A BOY LOVE SKETCH.

SYBLINE BROWNE AND I.



INSTEAD of the usual excuse, this article must at its introduction be ushered in with a few words explanatory.

The following biographical sketch, or rather snatch, is supposed to have been written at the earnest solicitation of the publishers of the Encyclopædia Britannica for insertion in the eleventh edition of that work.

Sybline Browne flourished in the latter part of the twentieth century, Julian calendar.

It will be noticed that some man, love, sense, poetry and philosophy find place in the narrative.

This was done in order to give tone and piquancy to the tale, make the article attractive, and place the book upon the shelves—library shelves of course are meant—of all persons of proper tastes and a literary turn of mind.

To the original title of Sybline Browne two words have been added, viz. : and I.

This was found necessary in order that the biographer might not be ignored in the article. With this premise let us dash "*in medias res.*"

Sybline Browne had her weakness.

It was fried potatoes.

Should you have asked her how she best like beans cooked she would have been mixed.

She fancied baked beans.

She was also fond of smothered beans, and was mixed as to which way they best suited her, baked or smothered.

It was the same concerning oysters.

It worried her to choose in what manner she preferred to take them.

Oysters are good stewed in milk.

They relish well when fried.

Scolloped oysters are not to be sneezed at by any manner of means.

Oysters on the half shell with a dash of salt and pepper, then swallowed raw and whole, have a way of tickling one's palate which is enticing.

And then again others desire a dry stew on toast.

Yes, Syblin Browne was mixed as to how best she liked oysters, and I find it not in my heart to blame her for so being.

But striking the potatoe subject you found no wavering or turning about.

A hot skillet, a little lard or butter, with condiments, fry them nice and brown and Syblin was suited to a T.

It used to do me good to see her get around fried potatoes.

They gave her a large and comely body, healthy



circulation, rosy cheeks, and over and above all, contentment of mind.

They were so many sheet anchors to her in times of sore perplexity and trouble.

When matters were going wrong about the house, and Ma was out of sorts because the dogs had eaten up her soap grease just when her ready stock of soap was playing out; or the old governor was raving about the hogs having gotten into the garden or the horned cattle into the corn; or Brother Bob was laboring with several boils complicated with a felon on his thumb; or puss had played havoc with our latest masterpiece of tatting work; or the mice had utterly ruined the finest sofa tidy.

Then how sweet could one peacefully settle down and eat fried potatoes and enjoy oneself.

It eased up the strain on the nervous system amazingly. It scattered as it were

“Silver threads among the gold,”
And gave to her a better hold,
And made her doughty for a scold,
Slinging words so clear and bold,
That in a mass they would unfold,
As, like a torrent out they rolled
Into this world so hot and cold,
Fenced by the sky as a sheep fold,

Where daily, lambs are bought and sold,
And thus this poem was enscribed.

If fried potatoes were Syblin Browne's weakness,
Syblin herself was my failing point.

It was a clear case of love at first sight on the
second view and forevermore.

A general once made the following concise report
to the Roman Senate of his doings on an entire cam-
paign. It was grouped in three words, viz.:

Veni, Vidi, Vici.

Syblin might have murmured those words
truthfully in her mother's ear after the first time she
had gazed upon me, or I, rather, had feasted my eyes
upon her lovely person.

We soon grew to be familiar.

We called each other by pet names.

I selected Syb.

She fancied Snarley.

I was baptized as Charles Augustus.

After a time I began to have a hankering after
poetry.

The more I read of it and the deeper I got involved
in love, the more I became entranced with it.

My mind at this date somehow naturally ran to
poems of the affections.

I found that there was and still is a good deal of
this kind of poetry in existence.

It has been largely written upon by men, women,

boys and girls, in various countries, and under numerous conditions.

They all seem to agree, however, that love is a good thing.

The more I read and experienced the more I believed.

Just at this point I became mixed as bad or even worse than Syb was on oysters, only my trouble was with poetry.

Byron is good.

Anacreon a fine fielder.

Tom Moore belongs on first base.

Longfellow is a first class short stop.

Crabbe a daisy clipper.

Tupper keeps a good tally, and Tennyson writes for Queen Vic at a thousand dollars a line.

I wished to have some style about me and hence select a favorite author.

Right here I got mixed.

After a great deal of worry and mental exertion the question settled down to a choice between Tupper, Crabbe and Tennyson.

Crabbe eventually crawfished out of the triangle.

Then it was Tupper or Tennyson.

I gorged myself with Proverbial Philosophy and then rinsed out with the Brook.

It soon became a bad case of nip and tuck.

The struggle soon began to tell on my appearance.

How quickly the eye of love detects a change?

Over hill and dale speeds the gentle zephyr, nod-

ding rose and lily and grasses, gathering choice perfumes, wafting winsome odors, breathing love and joy and beauty everywhere.

A cloud conceals the sun and shadows fall upon the face of nature and hush its gladsome sounds. Thus smiles and frowns all nature on this race of ours.

Syb noticed such things.

A cloud must have darkened the usual light of my brow, or cast a shadow into the sparkling depths of my once brilliant eyes.

She kind of played sweet on me and said quite coaxingly:

"Come Snarley, dear, tell me what ails you, for I know that something's the matter?"

I never could stand firmly under coaxing. We men of course would all rather face a cannon's mouth (when the cannon is empty, or better, busted,) than thwart a lovely woman.

So I told her all my troubles and longings and perplexities in regard to choosing my poetic master, and prayed her to assist me in getting out of the muddle.

Says she: "I'll try." Says I:

"In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail."

Thereupon I began reading poetry to her.

I dished it up in lively style.

First it was Tupper, then came Tennyson, and again Tennyson was supplemented by Tupper.

It was the old game of nip and tuck and tuck and nip.

Syblin was a born heroine, but as time passed by I could not but notice that the trial was telling sorely on her.

The roses on her cheeks hued pale and wilted.

She forgot at times to wear her apron.

Her brow more than once failed to be encircled with beau-catchers.

Several times when out shopping she absent-mindedly pulled her reticule out of her portemonnaie and planked it on the counter as payment for a mohair sacque, iced tea and other such like feminine tic-tacs.

She changed the perfume of her handkerchief from Jockey Club to Hedeosmia.

She took to chewing carpet tacks instead of rubber gum.

This latter freak anthropomorphized the delicious aroma of her breath, and glutenized the rosy portals of her mouth to such a degree that when other and foreign labial parts were brought in contact with them, they were wont to adhere like a boy's leather sucker to a wet brick.



It entirely disorganized the osculatory business.

I soon learned by pernicious experience that hanging on the sweetness of one's darling's lips was far more smooth and pleasing in poetry and song than in actual practice.

But meanwhile Syblin and I continued to be mixed.

Tupper and Tennyson, nip and tuck.

Tennyson and Tupper, tuck and nip.

It pained me to see the depth of emotion displayed by Syblin on this account.

It pained and also pleased me, for by her interest in my welfare I was lead to the sweet inference that she entertained a genuine and serious regard for me alone.

Maybe you know how this thing goes yourself?

If yea, you can but have done like I, and surged all over when I thought that I alone was all the bright particular star which beamed and twinkled in Syblin's female firmament.

But to our mutual dilemma.

Syblin began to waste away.

Dozens upon dozens of anti-fat could not have accomplished what Tennyson and Tupper mixed had done for her in a single week.

She took to gazing heavenward and across her nose.

Her efforts in oblique looking became so marked that I sometimes was at a loss to know whether she was gazing at a fly speck on the ceiling, a freckle on her nose, or at her brother Bob, as he sat upon the floor playing at chuck-luck with the cat.



Such a situation is not pleasant to say the least of it.

But on a more intense survey I noticed that she was laboring with some great thought.

In due time it became formulated and was launched forth.

Says she: "I have it Snarley, dear, let us drop Tennyson and Tupper, and you try to compose some poetry yourself."

Had a thunderbolt been launched at my unsuspecting head from the hands of mighty Jove and hit it too, I could not have been more astonished.

It took me considerable time to digest that suggestion.

When it had been duly taken in and realized I could only murmur in reply: "Why not?"

It seemed as though an inspiration was creeping over me at that same moment.

I quietly passed out into the orchard, and lying prone beneath an apple tree, half hidden amidst the balmy clover, I invoked the Goddess of Song to cast her gentle spell about me.

A glory seemed to surround me. The heavens had never before beamed so beautiful or the stars gleamed out with such celestial brightness.

They seemed to move in sacred unison, keeping step to the rhythm of the spheres.

Words chased through my mind in winged numbers, trooping along like spirits of the air.

And thus from these surroundings, with darling Sybline as my inspiratoress, was culled the following lines: I called it

MATING.

'Twas a beautiful day in the early year,
And the air was full of balm,
When we strayed together adown the lane,
Chiming a peaceful psalm.

But the song was ceased as the gentle charm
Of nature crept over our hearts,
And our beings thrilled with a nameless joy
Which only true love imparts.

What a wonderful alchemist Eros is !
How he shuffles the springs of life !
Weaving its colors with magical hand,
Knotting with husband and wife !

A glance of the eye a touch of the hand,
Yes breathing the self same air,
And warp and woof are joined for aye
In a loving, happy pair.

Thus over our lives came his blissful reign,
As quiet as shadows fall.
And we only smiled in each other's eyes,
Deeming the bondage no thrall.

Now, thrilling with love no tongue ever spake,
United the wide world we face,
Starting anew on our mission of life,
Treading with equal pace.

O earth and air and sun and moon!
Beam with your kindest smile,
All turnings in the lanes of life,
With rosy hues beguile.

And down its slanting slopes betimes,
Cast golden hues and grey,
Till we shall speed with happy feet,
Down to the final day.

When finished I burned for the presence of the
beautiful one who had inspired it, and there in loving
cadence gave out the burden of my song.

She was pleased, more pleased, most pleased.

Hardly had I finished reading the manuscript
when she cried out in an intense tone of entreaty:

"Please read it again, Snarley, dear!"

I thus complied with her request again and oft repeated, until my voice toned husky and my larynx dry.

At the conclusion of the late congress of the nations Beaconsfield is said to have asked Bismarck:

"What'll you take?"

When Bismarck without hesitancy replied:

"Peer, peer, ever und aller dimes peer."

'Twas thus with Syblin and my initial poem.

At first I liked it.

By so doing she seemed to tacitly admit that I was
more to her taste than Tupper and Tennyson—nip
and tuck were in the background.

After I had worn the words all off the manuscript by my oft repeated readings, I got it by heart.

It soon grew into a habit with me to begin repeating that poem whenever spoken to.

This was all right with Syblin, but it didn't always work so well with others.

For instance father once said to me: "Chawles have you fed the shoats to-night?"

Unconsciously I replied:

"'Twas a beautiful day in the early year,

And the air was full of balm,

When we wandered together adown the lane

Chiming a peaceful psalm."

At this point the governor put a quietus to my lay by knocking me down with a sled stake, and began binding me with a half inch rope, supposing I had gone mad.

It took me some time to disabuse his mind of that notion, and to this day he finishes up his discourses to me on that head with: "Chawles be careful and never in the future come that on me again."

On another occasion it was Sunday morning, and I had been with Syblin till late the previous evening. Ma asked me if I wished to have her get my handkerchief with the palm tree border, when musingly I said:

"What a wonderful alchemist Eros is!

How he shuffles the springs of life,

Weaving its colors with magical hand

Knitting with husband and wife!"

She gazed at me dazed and bewildered like for a moment, and then fell upon my neck and rained tears of pity on my beloved head.

Mas do such things sometimes.

We children grow around and in and through their hearts until we seem to fill them with us, and then they have a way of looking in our eyes and spying out our actions so minutely that our very inmost souls seemed bared to mother's view.

It seems we do not often realize that mothers have a filial failing, and make of our poor, faltering selves the very glory of the universe, and think the sun and moon and stars come out and give their light and beauty, all for very love of us.

Poor mothers, would that we could do and live in such a way as to return a little tithe of all the love and goodness which they lavish on our welfare.

This going into poetry quite frightened mother, and in her mind the thing fast assumed to serious proportions.

It was early summer time and the heated term seemed to but add fury to these mental aberrations.

A family council, assisted by the doctor, determined on a change of scene for me and the route was soon selected.

I next found myself on a steamer going up the Mississippi River on a tour to Saint Paul, Minneapolis, Fort Snelling, the lakes, Minne-ha-ha Falls and Duluth.

Accidentally Sybline was on the same vessel with a like object in view.

We soon fell into regular habits. I got off my poem for her the first thing in the morning, the last thing at night, and forty or fifty times between those intervals.

It seemed to amuse her as much as ever.

It was mental fried potatoes.



After passing Lake Pepin both Sybline and I noticed a new passenger.

He was young; he was beautiful; he wore his collar a la Byron; he had a flowing eye and ear; Burnside whiskers with a drooping moustache; a jaunty tile with broad blue ribbon; low shoes, variegated socks and diamond breast pin.

You could see at a glance that he had tone and knew it himself.

His forehead indicated glycerine soap.

His finger nails were long and somewhat clean.

He seemed to notice Sybline.

She evidently was very pleasing to his eye and ear.

But Sybline had her Snarley by her side at all times, and he had composed a whole poem.

I feared the tony stranger not a whit.

I might here observe that my wisdom teeth were somewhat sluggish in making their appearance.

In due time we reached Minneapolis, and Sybline and I together visit at the lakes and falls.



Arm in arm we stood upon the outlook at Fort Snelling, and in unison enjoyed that most beautiful landscape.

Under the pressure of so many accumulations I lost control of myself, and then and there made her an earnest declaration of my love, and invited her to join me in the bonds of matrimonial life.

Her answer proved satisfactory to myself, and when we parted that night she strictly charged me not to see her face again until I had composed a poem in which should be given with fidelity, the spirit of our interview at the meeting of the waters.

It was a hard task, but I resolved to face the duty manfully.

As I passed out of the door of the hotel I noticed the tony stranger.

I smiled inwardly.

Was I inhuman in monologuing thus :

“If you have designs upon the heart of Sybline your goose is cooked, you’re barking up the wrong tree,” and indulging in a string of sentiment of a like nature.

What he surmised I know not, he only slightly showed his banks of ivory and I—moved on.

His name was Percy de Hautville.

Early next morning I began the accomplishment of Sybline’s request.

Poem after poem fell from my fast gliding pen, yet all seemed wanting of the divine afflatus.

I wandered out into the fields and highways, sought shady nooks and sightly knolls ; tried moon-light, star light, blue light, gas and candle light ; sighed, practiced with dumb bells, chewed tobacco, smoked ; took a Turkish bath, fished at Minnetonka and stalked for snipes on the flat.

Still the Goddess of Song was obdurate to these appeals.

Visited the Cave of the Winds.

Had my photograph taken while standing in the spray at Minnehaha Falls with a rainbow bent above my head, whose faintest tints the artist captured, and all for fifty cents.

Still the goddess fails to yield.

I try invocation, incantation, astrology, psychology and secret charms.

Ate fricasseed liver, fish chowder, mussel pudding

mixed with cold tongue sandwiches and potatoe balls.

Tried a warm meal of pepper sauce and mustard.

Laid down, stood crooked and suspended myself by one ear.

Bit my finger nails and was regularly groomed with a curry comb and brush.

Still there was no response from the celestial hemispheres.

I came to the conclusion that there were others in the same situation as myself, but having prior and superior claims upon the muses.

During all this time I sorely missed the society of Sybline, but consoled myself with the fancy that a similar longing animated her being on my behalf.

I fondly called to mind the classic case of Pyramis and Thisbe, my wished for poem standing between us in lieu of a stone wall.

Finally an idea came to me as though whispered by some fairy birdling of the air:

“Why not seek inspiration at the self same spot where you breathed out your kind and loving declaration in fair Sybline’s ear?”

Acting on this idea I was soon at Fort Snelling, and moving here and there upon the outlook.

There is no finer point for observation, go you the wide world over.

No word painting can do it justice, or convey an adequate conception of its numerous and beautiful vistas.

It would appear as though the God of Nature

when passing here had opened the choicest casket of His gems and scattered them with lavish hand, then seeing how surpassing fair they looked in their ensemble, breathed His everlasting smile upon these vistas and there it still remains, and will until the utmost limit of revolving years.

The very birds seemed charmed by all these beauties, and sang out in gladsome notes their sympathies with all these fair surroundings.

They filled my soul with peaceful rest.

Silently as though the air at eventide distills the unseen dew, so to my mind these shining numbers came, and willingly my hand caught up and traced these lines as quietly as moves the volumes of the meeting rivers. I named it

JUNING.

We stood on the outlook at Snelling,
On a breezy day in June,
And gazed on the scene so wide and grand,
With voices of every tune.

Here cometh the fair Minnesota
With her light soprano strain,
And there the Father of Waters
Gives out his bass refrain.

Still farther joined together,
They mingle their voices sweet,
Singing along in a constant strain
'Till the ocean's waters they meet.

Standing thus on the parapet high,
My arm encircled her waist,
And I whispered to her the tale of my love
In language fervent and chaste.

And I said, "Our lives like these rivers,
Have run in a separate way,
May I dream, may I hope in the future
Will be joined together as they?

That our wedding song as the voice of these streams
May be constant as onward we go,
Never ceasing its melody through all time,
And thus to eternity flow!"

Words more were coming without restraint,
About my passion so grand,
But her face found its way to my shoulder,
And a soft clasp circled my hand.

And thus without words her answer was voiced;
An answer fervent and free,
And I bless the bright day and charming scene,
Where Syblin was given to me.

I deem that to be an awful nice poem, so sweet
and touching and true.

Syblin's book for autographs was in my vest
pocket, nestling close under the eve of my heart.

I transcribed it therein at once.

Back to my rooms I go, feeling like an emperor for

my accomplishment, lunched, made an elaborate toilet, and soon stood with palpitating heart at the portals of the hotel where my loved one abode.

It had taken me several days to undergo all the tribulations herein set forth. So long at least as is required by an ordinary boil to gather, culminate and disappear.

Torn by a thousand conflicting emotions, I sought in all directions for a view of a certain well known form.

A couple turn the corner and approach me, coming down the veranda promenade.

At a glance in one I recognize Percy de Hauteville, and linked upon his arm was—Sybline Browne! my Syb!!

For a moment I stood rooted to the floor—well rooted and stumped.

’Twas only for a moment, when rushing up to her in my most familiar manner, with arms wide extended for an embrace, to take her out of the dewy eve, or something of that name or nature, I fondly cried:

“How-de-do Syb? awful glad to see you!”

But somehow she didn’t embrace.

She only gazed kindly upon me, and touching my hand with the point of her gloved fingers, said kind of pertly and politely:

“How do you do, Mons. Charles? Allow me to make you acquainted with *my friend*, Mons. de Hautville. Mons. de Hautville, Mons. Charles.”

I shook hands with him from sheer force of habit, being somewhat stunned and dazed.

But didn't Syb look sweet though!

Every beau-catcher in its place, cardinal frizzes and all, and no signs of chewing rubber gum or tacks!

How I longed to place one on those rosy lips, for her mother—or any other man!

De Hautville had the perspicuity to see that it was a serious case of "Two's company and three's a crowd." He moved off quietly saying "ta, ta," and nicely smiling with his left eye and ear.

Thus Syblin and I were left stark alone in that vast city.

I had soon related to her my story of the poem.

I produced her book for autographs from my bosom, or inner vest pocket rather, and proposed a reading.

She graciously consented and the toning began.

As I progressed she threw out such ejaculations as "nice," "that's good," "sweet and touching," and "you're a poet," but when I'd finished she flushed out with:

"Now Mr. Charles, you know we didn't do it that way!"

There was no request for a second reading.

When I sparred her for a buss in my old familiar way, I—didn't get it.

Things had evidently gone wrong.

She soon requested me to be more formal when addressing her, especially when in company, and de-

sired me to call her Miss Browne, or at the very farthest, Miss Sybline.

In fact, less than ten minutes of her company satisfied me that my game of love was up, and Percy de Hautville held the winning cards.

She knew that she was sending an iron to my soul, but she sent it all the same.

Women sometimes do such things when they hadn't ought to a bit.

I didn't cry when I discovered that my poor love was trampled under foot, although the tears welled up almost to my eyes. She knew that I was stoical, and would show my enemy a firm front.

I told her I saw plainly how the land lay, and ere we parted says I :

"Come now Syb, tell me honestly how he did it?"

Says she :

"Percy de Hautville is a gentleman, he prizes me over all things on earth, and—own's lots of stamps."

I surrendered at once and without terms.

With no good bye I turned away from her, and took upon my life its first great cross of sorrow and disappointment.

Sadly I removed the leaves from her book on which I had so joyously traced the lines of my poem.

How poor and simple and worthless a thing it now appeared, and yet how proud had I once been of this!

And when alone weak tears bedimmed my eyes, as calling back to mind I chimed over to myself the lines of Jean Ingelow, saying :

“I shall never hear her more,
By the reedy Lindis shore,
Cusha! Cusha! Cusha! calling
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
Cusha, Cusha, all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.
I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore.
I shall never hear her calling:
‘Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow,
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
Come up Whitefoot, come up Lightfoot,
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow—
Come up Lightfoot rise and follow,
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come up Jetty follow, follow
Jetty to the milking shed.’ ”

Now, my friends, all this happened something like a month ago.

I can now without any scruples of conscience refer you to a man who is anxiously looking for a female companion.

I can also assure you that she will be dearly loved.

It is only necessary on her part that she shall possess a limited number of qualifications.

She must be young.

She must be pretty.

Having a distinguished air would not be amiss, combined with grace and eloquence.

Of course all the girls are musicians and dance.

She must have tried her hand at getting a man with stamps until she is all worn out, disgusted and utterly hopeless in that direction.

She shall be made supremely happy, if any reasonable effort can accomplish that end.

She must furthermore make up her mind to bear resignedly with a man who has been afflicted with the divine afflatus only twice, and can with sincerity say he desires it no more.

And further, she must not demand a mohair sacque or basquine more than six times a year, nor for a gros grain silk dress trimmed with honiton and point applique lace more than once in each succeeding thirty days.

The above conditions may be varied to suit the conditions by which each applicant is surrounded,

with a view of combining many if not all in each person.

Such a female can learn of something to her advantage by calling upon or addressing

CHARLES AUGUSTUS,

Lock Box 27483, City.

P. S.—References required.

P. S. 2.—Photos exchanged.

P. S. 3.—All communications confidential.

P. S. 4.—Syblin is married and de Hautville remains strong and healthy.

Crossing the Maumee.

BOY CAREER SKETCH.

CROSSING THE MAUMEE.



His name was Felix McBride.

He was born in Hoop-pole Township, Posey County, State of Indiana, east of the Maumee.

He was a descendant of the McBrides of Prigdoodle Lodge, and rather prided himself on that strain of blue blood.

Part of his ancestors had come over with the Pilgrim Fathers, and they have been coming over by fits and jerks ever since.

They settled in all portions of the country, so Felix may find relatives wherever he may go.

Our hero had become adolescent.

A gentle silken down was stealing over his jaws around his chin, and ascending his upper lip was verging still upward and creeping under his nose.

Felix began shaving, and assumed the *toga virilis* of classic fame.

Felix was an only son and the last of his race, or rather, that portion of the race to which Felix belonged.

He fully appreciated the responsibility which this circumstance placed upon his shoulders.

Felix was in love.

Her name was Mary Ann Elizabeth Bonecastle.

She was pretty, piquant, sang, danced and dressed with taste.

She had a small foot and knew it herself.

Her numerous name was a great feather in the cap of our hero.

When quizzed by one friend as to who he was sweet upon, with reluctance he admitted that her name might be Mary or Moll.

To another's "Who's your heifer now, Felix?" after sufficient hesitancy it transpired that her name might be Ann or Nan.

A third inquirer learned that he might be the buffer to Elizabeth or Bess.

To Angus de Courcey he confided in strict secrecy, that his heart surged in unison with a female pericardium in the possession of a genuine Bonecastle of Bonecastle.

In this way and manner Felix obtained to the distinction of being a veritable lady killer, while in fact he was paying his devoirs to but a single shrine.

A profane man might say that Felix was playing on several strings in love matters, and still his soul be clear of any deception or duplicity.

Felix kept on shaving, however, and numerously every day did he repeat over to himself with a complaisant smile: "Mary Ann Elizabeth Bonecastle, quartette in one, love, fidelity, beauty, blue blood—and all mine."

It seems superfluous to add that our hero at this date of his existence was supremely happy.

Felix hated cats.



They had frequently disturbed his conversation when visiting at the Bonecastle mansion.

It isn't a pleasant episode just as you are in the midst of a glowing description of men or events, and have your listener's attention and full sympathy, to have a pair of cats throw in a fortissimo duet.

It has a cold waterish or disgusting tendency on male or female alike, especially when the tender relation exists of cooing love.

Our hero's tastes at this date and on such occasions were rather æsthetic, and therefore he had no love for cats.

Again, on several occasions had they caused him to get up during the night time, after toiling hard in the harvest field all day, and being drowsy he missed every time he shot or threw a boot at them.

The cats did not seem to get discouraged by such hints, and in due time the serenade was vigorously renewed.

Felix therefore came quite naturally to hate cats.

Felix was the possessor of considerable talent, inherited from father, mother and his many other ancestors.

He had received a liberal education at the district

school and was a graduate therefrom with special honor.

There was conspicuously displayed in the best parlor of his home, a leather medal which had been presented to him by his Sunday school teacher.

This had been given him as a reward of merit for committing to memory several thousand verses of the Scriptures.

Felix retained this medal long after the verses had escaped through the silken meshes of his treacherous memory.

He in after life seriously regreted that his memory was not as stable as this leather token of merit.

It would have saved him from much trouble and vexation of spirit, and been a guiding star in complexed situations of life.

Felix grew to be ambitious betimes.

His young blood began to simmer and gave indications of boiling over in due season.

In his mind he voted the old man as being slow, Ma as behind the times, and his quiet farm life as being humdrum and irksome.

His researches in history had revealed many grand careers in the past, and excited a desire in his bosom to emulate or excel them.

After considerable meditation and anxiety of mind he fixed upon his first project.

Abruptly, one evening, he announced to the family circle his determination.

They had just finished tea and were still seated about the table, when says he:

"I want to do something great and have about determined in my mind what it shall be. Alexander the Great crossed the Granicus; Julius Cæsar forded the Rubicon; Napoleon Bonaparte passed over the Rhine; George Washington ferried the Delaware amidst floating ice; and I, Felix McBride, shall navigate across the Maumee."



He said this little speech, with energy, his countenance shining with enthusiasm and his gestures indicating an unalterable resolution.

The old man smoked his pipe silently for a time, and then remarked;

"When do you propose to start, Felix?"

But Ma, looking a little more troubled, finally advised him not to embark on his journey until she could prepare a proper outfit for him.

This they did very nice and quiet like.

Felix was considerably surprised at their apparent indifference.

The simple announcement of all those other crossings had thrown the then civilized world into hubbub and commotion.

Felix knew this, and had bravely fortified himself for a scene of tears and entreaties, at least in his own household.

It failed to occur however.

Pa and Ma were somewhat older than Felix.

They had been young before him, and knew how it was themselves.

Still Felix remains steadfast in his resolution.

Finally all preparations are completed.

He has bidden the much named Bonycastle adieu.

They parted at the garden gate with a kiss and a benison.



She trembled in his arms for a moment, unbidden tears bedimmed her eyes, and somehow at that instant was it revealed to his soul that here was one to whom his future welfare was nearer and dearer than all the world besides; that he alone of all mankind possessed the magic power of breathing joy and happiness through her existence forever and for aye.

And as he goes homeward through the voiceless night, earth, air and heaven seemed glorified by an incandescent light, and he resolves that in the golden future, come what surprises may, that at her feet shall be cast his wreaths of victory, and at her nod all favors must be won.

This strain might be continued indefinitely, but enough has been given to plainly show that Felix was in love.

Next morning, bright and early, he stands upon the door-step prepared for his departure.

Pa says "shake," and "good day."

Ma is more formal.

Clasping him in her loving arms, through her sobs she says :

"Good-bye my son, and may God bless and shield you from all harm; and remember Felix, that always and ever there will be a welcome waiting you at home."

He tore himself away from her kind embrace, and a tear came near marring his manly eye.

Soon he is on the hill top.

He pauses a moment for a last look at the old homstead and the pleasant valley where it nestled, then passes from view.

How many of us can look back to a similar experience in our own lives?

We took our leave of home and friends overwhelmed with grief and sorrow.

Yet we were buoyed up by bright hopes and an honest ambition to accomplish something good and great.

Standing on the threshold of manhood we passed its portals with no doubts or misgivings of success.

We deemed the world an open battlefield and all men honest warriors.

A livelihood sure, and competency as always following earnest effort.

We were willing and burning to do and to dare.

But let us follow Felix.

About a week after his departure there might have been seen a weary and foot-sore traveler approaching the banks of the Maumee.

His bundle is still in hand, but it has grown to be dusty and burdensome to bear.

Enthusiasm has not been driven from his soul, though somewhat dampened by the dews of reality and experience.

When weakness tries to fasten on his knees, or a longing for home to creep into his mind, crying "Excelsior," he braces up and moves Maumeeward.

Not far from the river he overtakes a fellow traveler.

His greeting of "Good day, sir," is answered by:

"I thankee, boss, I'se as pert as a chipmunk."



The stranger is rather elderly, tall, slender, with

a coon skin cap and a yellowish, clayey hue obtaining over his countenance.

He comes from the Wabash country.

His chief occupation in life has been to wear out the "fever-n-ager," and he is still at it by times.

Their destination is found to be the same, and Soapy Jones takes our hero under protection.

Soapy is an old sailor, having learned the art of navigation on the briny wilds of the Wabash.

Many a cargo of fruit and lumber, consisting of hoop-poles and pumpkins, had been consigned to his care and delivered with safety, comfort and dispatch.

In so doing he had entered into numerous contests with the elements and sand bars.

He instructs our hero in the perils of land and flood, and inducts him into the science of contending with the briny deep.

Felix possesses both talent and industry, and absorbs these maxims readily.

By the time they first stood upon the classic banks of the Maumee, he had become a complete master of the theory of navigation and knew all the tactics to be observed in cases of unforeseen emergency, and to ward off quick impending shipwreck.

Somehow we learn faster when young than at any other period of our existence.

The main difficulty is that we are apt to think we know it all, and it becomes tedious as well as monotonous to be waiting about for something new to transpire.

Yet the older we become things of a novel nature keep turning up faster and faster, in fact we are kept busy just to keep track of the new things which intrude themselves on our notice.

But we anticipate.

How shall I describe the emotions of our hero as he stands for the first time on the sandy shore and gazes out over the vistas of the Maumee?

The several biographers of Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and Washington have each taken occasion to dwell upon this point at considerable length.

As a short cut out of my present dilemma, and to ease up somewhat on the mental strain of an essayist, I respectfully refer to their several records for a correct analysis of the various emotions of our hero at this trying juncture.

It will do you good to read them if you don't get mixed.

Pilgrims to Mecca, Jerusalem and other consecrated spots, must experience peculiar sensations when for the first time they stand at the end of their journey.

When he had arrived at the margin of the river, Felix first stood up like the generals and took a good look; then kneeled down like the pilgrims; then, being hot, dusty and dry, he placed his hands just inside the margin of the stream and leaning over, kissed the placid waters of the Maumee.

The authorities are somewhat divided, however, upon this most important point.

Some contend warmly that he kissed the shining river, while others quite as strenuously maintain that he only took a drink, making no especial commentary at that moment.

But all are unanimous in saying that when he arose to his feet he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and remarked :

“This water is as warm as—suds, but its wet nevertheless !”

Having thus looked and refreshed himself, search was instituted for a craft to convey them to the farther shore.

Only a dug-out could be found, in which they embarked after the same had been properly launched.

Soapy and our hero drew cuts for the respective positions.

As the vessel glided from her moorings Felix manned the oars, while Soapy sat in the stern sheets, guiding the craft with a basswood slab.

Hardly had they reached mid-ocean when Felix noticed a strange tremor stealing along the stem and oscillating from thence throughout every rib and timber of their barque.

Thinking at first that he was in a lumber wagon, he surmised that the hind axle had broken or sprung out of line, or a linch-pin or king bolt had been lost, and a fall was impending.

Then remembering that he was at sea, numerous other causes suggested themselves.

The craft might be pounding on a sunken reef, or

rasping over the back of a sleeping whale, walrus or alligator, or caught in a school of mackerel or sardines; then noticing that it was somewhat cool, he surmised that they were passing over a submerged iceberg.

The oscillatory movement increases.

Felix, entirely perplexed, ceases to ply his oars and shipping them, looks inquiringly at his companion for general or even particular information.

Soapy shortly solves the mystery. He had been overtaken on the high sea by a genuine and unmistakable fit of "fever-n-ager."

It was from Soapy's body that the peculiar motion was imparted.

He remarks: "Look out stranger, for an arthquake or sea boil!" and, losing entire control of his person, began to describe all the angles laid down in a modern treatise on plain and spherical geometry.

Felix could not tell by looking at him, whether he was a man, woman, child or phantom of the air.

He had the appearance of anything, everything and nothing, but there was a fearful commotion, nevertheless.

The very sea began to boil about them; drops of brine were stealing through creeks and crannies, working into cracks and gaping seams, and sloshing over gunwale.

Felix in a frantic mood unships an oar and strikes rearwards. He hits up and down, and sideways, punches back and forward, and zig zag.

His weapon encounters only empty air.

The phantom eludes his every stroke.

The condition of the after part of his overalls at this juncture admonishes him that the vessel is taking water fast, and that something must be done to escape a watery grave.

He sounds the pump but found the leaden sucker gone.

It had been feloniously appropriated by an urchin who disposed of it to the old junk man in order to raise funds enough to gain admission to the last circus and menagerie.

It might be deemed invidious not to remark that it was a highly moral show and that the "Unicorn of Holy Writ" was the principal feature in the collection of foreign animals.

Great masses of clouds began to loom up and darken the horizon.

Forked and heat lightnings play hide and seek among their domes and turrets, while the deep-mouthed thunder mutters and shouts approval of their wildest pranks.

Felix heaves the lead and catches bottom by the deep nine.

The waves rise more and more, until the bosom of the waters begins to look like a hilly or mountainous country.

At this moment the dampness of our hero's overalls admonishes him that he can abide no longer in dryness at the bottom of the boat.

That quaint apparition still hovers about and over the stern of the vessel, dancing and moving as in the witches' waltz.

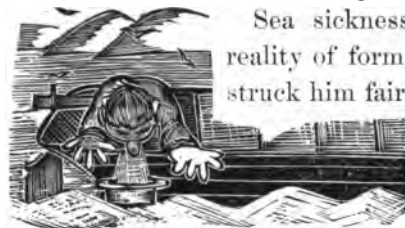
Darker and more lowering become the clouds.

The lurid lightnings seem to leave the heavens to approach and scorch his eye-balls and play in fitful spasms about the oar locks.

Thunder claps seem to charge about his hat rim and across the bridge of his nose.

The waves toss hither and thither in wild commotion, flinging their white caps wildly over the bulwarks of the vessel.

Felix, invoking the patron saint of "fever-n-ager and Maumee, rises dripping from his seat and—heaves Jonah into the boiling tide.



Sea sickness in all its ghastly reality of form and expression had struck him fairly amidships.

Thus item by item matters were becoming more seriously complicated.

Our hero, after parting with all his moveable inwards, concludes to make a desperate effort to save what was left of himself.

He seizes hold of the capstan and knocks off the bowsprit, thus taking in the royal and royal-to-gal-lants'l—these getting mixed with the remaining halyards, all the upper rigging came down with a

run and settled onto the jib-boom, covering up the binnacle light and boxing the compass.

Here the vessel lurched to the leeward and all four masts went by the board, carrying away the oar stem and rudder.

This mass of rubbish hanging over the side veered the craft out of her natural course and dragged her into the seething trough of the sea.

Felix arose equal to the emergency.

He drew his clasp knife and cut the tow line, then throwing the cook's galley and toasting fork into the fore hatchway, he rigged a torpedo scraper onto the larboard wheelhouse and hove several sheet anchors into the gangway.

This settled her down in the bow so that she kept a steady head on and took the waves square across, riding them as easily as a goose surmounts a common ripple.

Up to this point that terrible trembling had been going through and through the craft as when Soapy was first struck with the "fever-n-ager."

It had never ceased in its tribulations for a moment.

Now for the first time Felix realized that its force had been broken, and at the same auspicious moment the sun burst through the clouds and the seething waters prepared to calm down.

The phantom at the stern began to assume shape and fixed proportions, and Soapy gradually took on the form and figure of the natural man.

Felix hove in a quid of tobacco, and prepared to feel like himself once more, nevertheless those wet overalls dangled about his person like a bandage around a broken limb.

He cut a sorry figure, yet he was all there—less his movable inwards.

The fishes of the Maumee were contending over these.

During this episode the vessel had drifted back almost to her original moorings.

Felix taking heart once more leans to the oars, and the good ship quite soon went bounding along on her voyage.

The blue color gradually disappears from Soapy's nose and gills. A roseate hue was now stealing over his countenance and casting a refulgent glare into his eyes and the wrinkles of his face.

With rapid pace it thickens and intensifies.

He cries: "Look out stranger, for a simoon or volcanic eruption!" and immediately the basswood steering oar decomposes in his hands like a parchment in flames.

Felix begins to feel warm.

Drops of perspiration make their appearance on his hands and arms, and thickly stud his countenance.

Soapy sits calmly in the stern, shedding heat like an enraged and tropical sun.

Had Pecebus alighted from his car of state and occupied the same position, he could not have made it more uncomfortable for Felix.

Our hero ceases rowing, takes off his coat, vest and—necktie, rolls up his shirt sleeves and unbuttons his—collar.

The sweat pours off from his forehead into his eyes, nearly blinding him.

His handkerchief, after a few moments' use, has the appearance and consistency of a dish rag at a railroad eating house.

In despair he holds it up between himself and the heat producing Soapy.

In the twinkling of an eye it is dried, and then reduced to a film of ashes which float away into the rarified atmosphere.

Blisters rapidly made their appearance on the exposed portions of his person.

He fears a breath of air might blow him away, feeling that he is fast growing to be as light and airy as any ash heap.

A cloud of steam and vapor arises from the stream and forms a graceful panoply about the vessel.

The larboard and starboard gunwale melt and pass away into the flood.

Hawsers, cables, anchors, chains and row locks liquify and swash about the hold in a jumbled mass.

Felix attempts to stow himself away in the fore-castle, but cannot wade through this molten sea.

He feels like a goose being cooked upon a spit and basted in the meanwhile with liquid iron.

Several plugs and fillings placed in his teeth by dentist hands, became liquified and ran out upon his

gums and tongue, serving only to increase his torments and madden his mind.

His boots, socks and hat are licked up by the firey heat.

His overalls are crisped and tattered as high as his knees.

Our hero quickly comprehends that something must be done in this emergency.

It was too late for him to learn how to swim and there is no way of escape save by casting himself into the relentless waves.

He therefore tumbles over the side of the craft, but it being somewhat cranky it is upset, and the entire crew became entangled in the water.

It cannot be claimed that his struggle with the waves was immense, the stream not being over two feet deep at that point, and the spot only a few feet below the place where they had originally embarked.

Thus had the current disposed of their craft after rowing had ceased by reason of the all conquering heat.

This immersion extinguished Soapy's fever and our hero's heat at the same moment.

Felix arose quickly dripping with brine.

Not so with Soapy, being weak and debilitated by this fiendish attack of "fever-n-ager," he came near drowning, having fainted dead away.

For Felix to seize upon and drag him ashore was but the work of a moment.

Our hero tenderly lays him down beneath a weep-

ing willow tree, and then places a good moist quid of tobacco in his left ear and wraps his nose up with fresh bark of the witch-hazel.

Soapy gradually recovers consciousness, which he first indicates by taking the medicine out of his left ear and safely depositing the same in his mouth, and then he calls in feeble tones for a doctor.

Felix is in a dilemma.

Hatless, bootless, his overalls in tatters up to his knees, and covered with blisters as thick as warts on a toad or bosses on the shield of Jupiter.

His condition naturally admonishes him to shun the abodes of men.

There is also a tendency in rats as well as humanity to desert a sinking ship.

The Scriptural Jew was not the first man who passed on and paid no attention to the calls of the brother who was beaten and robbed in his day.

Felix was pure gold, however, and could not resist the little voice within, which told him to serve this stranger as best he might.

Besides his kind disposition had not as yet been calloused and perverted by contact with the harsh realities with which we grow familiar as we age. He still retained an honest admiration for those noble men and women who make of their entire lives a generous sacrifice in binding up the wounds and soothing the pains of their fellows.

Whose noiseless step and soft touch is ever about the couch of suffering and the unfortunate, pouring

grateful balm upon their wounds, and through the example of their Master leading them by such gentle spells up and beyond the golden portals of a redeemed humanity.

And thus at this juncture of his life the nobler elements in his composition predominate.

Hesitating only for a moment, he moves directly away towards the nearest city.

He is guided in his course by church spires which loom heavenward only a couple of miles away.

As he hurriedly is passing through the chapparel he notices a cat in the trail and apparently sleeping.

It has been heretofore observed that Felix hated cats.



At this time he does not stop to throw stones or sticks at it, but simply says: "Scat!" and kicks the innocent sleeper.

The cat did not bite or scratch him, but he shortly discovered that it had a powerful and effective way of defending itself.

It wasn't the kind of cat he took it to be.

Our hero seized his nose, closed his eyes, mouth and ears and jumped about so lively as to burst his suspenders and strip the surrounding bush of all its bark and leaves.

He made no further effort to kick the cat.

That quadruped moved off quite leisurely, and

in a pensive mood seemed to be murmuring over to itself:

“In the sweet bye and bye we shall stand on that beautiful shore!”

Our hero became mixed and muddled. His bosom was torn by a thousand conflicting emotions.

The odor emitted from his person was worse than that of a pork packing establishment in mid-summer with a gentle south wind blowing.

Soapy might be in the throes of dissolution and no doctor.

Finally in desperation he dashes cityward determined to get away from that cat, recover his breath and summon a physician.

He observes a man hoeing in his garden.

He approaches and calls out: “Hello, neighbor, can you tell me where to find a doctor?”

The man looks up, drops his hoe, grabs his nose, starts for the house at a rapid pace, and banging up against the front door cries out:

“Ma! Ma! for heaven’s sake, Ma!”

An upper front window is raised and Ma appears.

She beholds Felix and began to yell. She cried, “Mur-r—” when stopping short, she grabbed her nose tight, withdrew her body, shut the window, drew the blinds and dropped the curtain.

At this moment there comes dashing around the corner of the house a huge black dog.

He makes a straight line for our hero, yelping and displaying a fine set of sound teeth.

He advances quite close to him, then mysteriously stops, pulls in his tongue, closes his chops and disappears as quickly as he had bounced out. It was noted that his caudal extremity dangled between his rear limbs as he fades from view.

The man of the house seeing no escape possible, points to a drug store on a corner near by, and informs our hero that he may find a doctor there.

His mouth again quickly closes, the nose taking another assault, and Felix departs rapidly for the point indicated.

The physician is seated at his table.

He is engaged in compounding a mixture of wild dock root and asafœtida, to be used in a serious case of "prolapsus humori" or compound fracture of the shin.

He becomes conscious that a strange odor is pervading his sanctum.

He looks both puzzled and mixed.

He cannot determine whether it is the medicine he is fixing, a decomposed corpse, a broken gas main, a soap and candle factory, or a conglomeration of all of these which he smells.

While thus poised in doubt our hero is observed standing upon the threshold.

An electric or some other thrill passed over the doctor at that moment, and a strong mental conviction is flashed upon his mind.

He rapidly seized his nose with one hand, rose up with a jerk, knocking over the table, and ejaculated:

"Get out, I can't do anything to help your case!"

He laid hold of a wooden leg and hurled it with zest at our waiting hero.

In his anxiety he failed to take good aim, and the leg went crashing among his jars containing choice specimens of human remains preserved in alcohol, and knocked the stuffing all out of the collection.

Felix cries: "For heaven's sake, doctor, come right along with me, there's a man dying down by the river!"

"If he's dying I can't help him," says the doctor, and then adds: "If you don't make yourself scarce there soon will be a dead man on my door-step."

A compromise is at length effected and the doctor starts on the visit with Felix a mile or so in advance guiding the way.

Soapy is found again.

Our hero rushes up to him and rejoices that he is still alive.

Soapy opens his eyes, recognizes Felix, and makes a grab for his nose, but being weak and dazed his aim was not good, so he missed the nasal organ and immediately gave up the ghost.

The doctor approaches, puts on his spectacles, looks fearfully wise, feels for Soapy's pulse, articulates his chest, pries open his mouth and draws out the tongue, then letting go all holds exclaims:

"He's dead, my bill is fifty dollars."

Felix tells him to just keep that little account in his head until he could call around and settle with him.

The doctor then hastily retires from view.

There was a quiet funeral with but a single mourner.

Our hero is now once more all alone in the world.

He sits down by this lonely grave and studies long and hard as to his future course.

Different angels move him to go their several ways.

Ambition says: "*Nil desperandum*, go on in a career to greatness," while his heart is full of the plaintive call of the better angel to go back home.

Thus his emotions might be described as "ringed, streaked and speckled."

After a long and brown study he arises, saying:

"I don't think I care to cross the Maumee just now, I believe I'd better accept Ma's invitation and visit the old folks a little while before I pass over that river!"

He arose and with a light step started on his homeward journey.

The mace of time keeps throbbing and our hero draws nearer and nearer to his destination.

At last he stands upon the hill top and once again is the old familiar scene spread out before him.

Evening shadows are stealing over and along the valley.

He hesitates to show himself in such a plight to the loved ones.

Still he advances.

Pa is first discovered out in the barn yard feeding the stock. Evidently his nose detects a smell, for he

rushes into the house and brings his gun, when Felix cries out:

“Its only me, Pa, don’t shoot!”

Pa makes a break for the fields, calling out to him to bathe and burn his clothing.

But other and quicker ears have caught the tones of his voice.

His mother’s form appears upon the threshold.



She sees him, and running with outstretched arms she folds him in her loving embrace.

Kisses, tears and kind words are all he feels and sees and hears.

His heart thrills with a tenderness for Ma he never realized before.

He tries to put her away, saying:

“I smell awful bad, Ma, everybody seems to hate and want to get away from me, let me go and get prepared for you.”

She doesn't appear to hear him, she but clasps him closer, saying :

"O, Felix! how dear you are to me! You don't know how I've missed you all these weary days and longed and prayed for your return, and now you've come I'm so happy I can't speak it!"

A mother's love, what on all the earth or realms above can be compared to it?"

It is so deep that it can bear and forgive all crimes and misdeeds; it is so high and holy that without an envious impulse it sees the grandest and greatest elevation of its subject; it can bear and forbear a life time, and no murmur make by which the loved one shall be caused a moment's pain.

If there be but a single pure and holy passion which prevades humanity it must be a mother's love, and in comparison with this in all our changes in the walks of life it ever lives and ever, ever loves.

Felix loved his Ma.

She now looked to him as pretty as pretty could be.

She appeared to be even handsomer than Mary Ann Elizabeth.

And thus this interview gave to him a memory which clung sweetly about him through all his after life.

He never again said or thought that Ma was slow and behind the fashion.

Ma never had to ask him twice for a favor or even once, if he could but divine her wishes.

Soon all damages are repaired.

They have partaken of the evening meal, and thus reunited are seated in the old room while the shadows of night creep on apace.

Felix feels a gentle pressure on his knee, a soft touch upon his bosom; it passes to his shoulder, around his neck it moves with a purr, purr, purr of welcome, as though out of the darkness and the night a velvet hand was being placed upon him, to show by its unseen touch how the good God surrounds us with blessings and kindly influences we hardly knew or dreamed of.

Felix is supremely happy.

He fondles pussy with a kind and gentle hand.

Somehow he loves this cat.

At this point we must bid our hero adieu.

We leave him properly and in good company.

But allow me to observe that he has not as yet crossed over the Maumee. He made an honest trial, and in so doing he has learned several important facts.

The world is a great battlefield, but we don't always get a square chance to fight.

Home may seem irksome and humdrum, yet when you get away from it you may find that there are other things worse to endure.

Grand careers are nice things in novels and youth dreams.

They generally terminate as bad if not worse than that of Felix.

Then try and be contented with a good thing at home, and don't hastily kick a cat—at least until you are sure it is the kind of cat you take it to be.

Dingbat on Noah.

AS YOU LIKE IT SKETCH.

DINGBAT ON NOAH.



HAVE a friend.

His name is Coriolanus Dingbat.

Like several men who might be mentioned, he has his peculiarities.

In fact, without doing violence to the eternal fitness of things, he could be termed eccentric.

He was an utilitarian.

He was a free thinker.

Reverence for old or so called sacred things was an unknown quantity in his composition.

He has been and still remains a well spring of amusement and instruction to his friends.

We have a society which we nominated as the "Pill Club."

Dingbat is the compound cathartic of that institution.

Here all questions are free to be discussed and eliminated.

Here Dingbat feels like McGregor on his native heath, and at times shines forth with a brilliancy and lustre known only to stars of his magnitude.

As a specimen of his style of oratory and course of thought and mode of reasoning, I now propose to give the substance of a discourse launched by him at the Pill Club on the subject of a notable voyage made by one of the earliest navigators known to history whether sacred or profane.

When Coke reviewed and revised Littleton, he gave his book the tittle of Coke Upon Littleton.

In humble commemoration of that sublime event the members of the Pill Club called this speech by the fond name of DINGBAT ON NOAH, and thus it is Noah'd among them to this day. (How is that as a specimen of unconscious cerebation in the pun business?)

On the occasion alluded to, our Dingbat came into the club room just at a time when two of the members who hold orthodox or evangelical views were freely interchanging their sentiments.

Dingbat seated himself on a high, four-legged stool and proceeded to take in their offerings.

As they progressed he seemed gradually to increase in size until the buttons on his coat and vest were about to give away, when unable longer to contain himself, and leaning the index finger of his right hand against a prominent wart on his nose he began with:

“Stay my friends!”

It is only proper here to remark that the discussion which had been going on between the Blue and Podophyllin Pills which so inflamed Dingbat, had

been gotten up and carried on for the sole purpose of drawing out our incandescent friend.

He continued thusly :

It appears to me that in all your conceptions of ancient and so called sacred affairs you entirely lose sight of the proportional qualities of things.

Now when Noah went into the ark business he undertook a mighty task.

Sisyphus getting his stone up the Mountain of Hades was child's play in comparison.

Only think of the planning and drafting and figuring before actual operations were begun !



Kerosene oil was not spared, and the stars of midnight and early dawn often beamed over him, as with anxious face and lustrous eye, he poured over and produced vast masses of designs, plain, spherical and rhomboid.

He builded up column after column of figures in his numerous calculations of ground and superficial capacity.

When all were finished he must needs make a thorough and general review of the same.

During this process he accidentally discovers that he had omitted space for a festooned box to contain the beautiful Angora goat. Time and readjustment heal this oversight.

Thus might I enumerate many circumstances of a like nature, which harrassed him during this period of the incubation of the ark, if I may with propriety so term it.

Before Noah had written finis over against this portion of his work, he had worn off both his eyebrows and created a bald place over each ear, merely from rubbing those points to superinduce inspiration when he became muddled, lost or mixed.

He didn't care much about his personal appearance.

Noah was a married man.

At last all is accomplished on this line of operation.

Next morning, bright and early, he calls up all the boys and men servants, and maid servants, and oxen and asses, and strangers within his gates, and starts for the forests to begin felling and getting out the timbers for the ark.

Soon the whack, whack, of the merry chopper, whistling



the Miserere from Trovatore as he whacks, and the crash of falling trees, mingled with laughter notes of children and youth, are abroad in the land.

The mace of time knocks on and on.

Hands become worn and galled, and backs stiff and painful.

This class of work begins to grow stale and monotonous.

Grumbling is frequently heard among the laborers.

Noah discerns a crisis approaching.

He mounts a fallen tree and snatching an adz from the hands of a lazy hewer, he says softly to himself: "I'll just show the boys how to do a neat job as an example to them, and it will also start the perspiration on myself, which will give me a better relish for my turkey and cranberry sauce at dinner," and he begins chipping away, using the tool lightly and with art.

I think it was at the eleventh stroke that the adz glanced on a knot and the edge caught Noah at the shin and barked his leg clear up to the knee cap.

Had he been striking more vigorously it would have passed onward and upward, and have left him with a pair of side whiskers, a retrenched chin and no nose worth remarking.

Fortunately it stopped below the knee.

To say that Noah was mad and disgusted would be to state it mildly.

The onlookers all began to laugh, but changed

their note to a mournful wail when they saw how black the old commodore grew in his face.

He called lustily for his wife, and she, jerking out the adz and rolling the skin and fibre back into its accustomed place, then dispatched Jehoadab on the double-quick for Doctor Blank.

The surgeon soon arrives.

He gets Noah's pulse, gives him a compound cathartic with jalap and catnip tea, and a warm rum sling with nutmeg and a slice of lemon cosily floating on it.

He then examines the adz for dents and next the wounded shin.

Thereupon he draws his tools and proceeds to stitch up the cuticle.

At this point Mrs. Noah takes her husband's head in her lap and holds him down by the ears while the sewing is going on, now and then bestowing a tender kiss to keep his courage up and enable her spouse to bear this cross as a hero in adversity.

Noah is next placed upon a rude litter and borne home.

Hardly had the cortege arrived at that point and Noah been placed snugly in bed, when a collector arrived and presented Doctor Blank's bill for one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and thirty cents, on account of professional services duly rendered.

Noah deems the amount to be outrageous, and this promptness in sending the bill as a downright insult.

The collector remarks: "You know Noah, that

business is business, and I must insist on your coming down with the dust just here and now."

Noah at length acknowledges the corn on the one hundred and twenty-seven dollar item, but makes a bold stand against the thirty cent charge, and wants to know what that was added for.

The bookkeeper and collector replied: "The doctor always puts cent items to his bill to show that he has sense and make the bills sensible, but in this case said item was added to cover the cost of the nutmeg grated on that first hot rum sling he gave you."

"Ah," says Noah, and casting a searching look heavenwards amidst his sighs he adds: "Shield us from the evil intentions of our enemies, though afar off, and how more bitter than gall and wormwood or the fangs of a serpent's tooth, is the bill of a doctor who is hard up for ready cash!"

You see, my friends, Noah had to grow wise and knowing in the school of experience as do we.

Noah finally gives him a check on the bank, payable to order and in full of all demands to date, and immediately passes a law that no doctor shall be allowed to voyage in the ark; then, calling for another hot sling with lemon and nutmeg in it, rubbing his hands and blandly smiling, he remarks to his wife: "I'll get even with that doctor when the flood comes, you bet."

Ere long Noah pines for a breath of fresh air and to see the primroses.

One bright morning he says to his brother Mehalabel, in the language of soft and persuasive poetry :

“ Wheel me down to the meadow,
Down to the little river ;
In sun or in shadow
I shall not dazzle or shiver,
I shall be happy anywhere ;
Every breath of the morning air
Makes me throb and quiver.”

Thus happily Noah convalesces.

The mace of time keeps knocking
on.

The keel is laid, knees adjusted,
and finally the last spike in the ark is
driven home.

Then the gentle click of the caulker's hammer beat upon the froward air.

These hushed, the smell of pitch
and tar succeeds, and the ark stands



right and trim as a school-
marm, and as water proof
as a corrugated iron boiler.

Noah stalks in gleeful
mood around and about
and through this monu-
ment of his skill and
ability, just as a parent

viewing his first born son and heir.

He says: "So far so good; yet much remains unfinished. I have built the cage and now must catch my bird."

He used this language in a figurative sense.

He only meant to convey the idea that the ark was all in readiness and chartered, and was only waiting for its crew and freightage.

He next adops a plan on this head.

He calls Shem, Ham and Japhet to him and thus addresses them:

"My dear sons, here is the ark, we now only wait for the animals and rain. There isn't any time to lose, and so you must be moving right along. There is wisdom in a division of labor, and I have apportioned this undertaking in the following manner:

"To you, Shemmy, I give in charge the Vertebrata. Gather up a choice and healthy specimen, both male and female, of the Semiadæ, Troglodites, Hylobates, Presbites, Cynocephalus, Cibidæ, Calythryx, Vampirus, Vespertilionidæ, Feræ, Canis, Vulpes, Ursidæ, Circoleptes, Caudivoloulus Talpidæ, Sere, Marcopidæ, Dedilphys, Cite, Gleris, and make no miss on the Ungulata."

"And to you, Hammy, I have apportioned the task in regard to Aves, Accipitres, Surinæ, Passeres, Fisserastres, Nocturux, Hermidinidæ, Corasciidæ, Tenurostres, Dutirostres, Conirostres, Sancores, Columbæ, Gallinæ, Struthiones, Grallæ, and be sure and fail not in securing a spacious coop of yellow-legged chickens, for these are the most toothsome,

and we will much enjoy to eat them when afloat on the wide and seething deep."

"To you, Japhety, I give in hand the same pleasant task in regard to Reptilia, Amphiba, Cyclosauria, Dendrosauria, Ophidia Emydosauri and Alligator Mississipensis."

"Now boys, you know that I am getting well along in years, more than six hundred having come and gone since I first began to watch the all-beholding sun, and I cannot boast of being so nimble as I was a few centuries back, and especially since that adz slipped on me, so being as its a tedious and minute job, I'll just take my microscope and gather in the Isecta Mandibilata, Dermaptera, Neuroptera, Haustiliata, Diptera, Aphaniptera, and anything else I may find in that line on the entire face of the globe."

"And to you, Ma, and the women folks, I give in charge to gather in the seeds of all the various kinds of vegetation on the earth, and fail not at your peril in securing plenty of grape seed, as I shall stand in sore need of wine to cheer my declining years."

To me these arrangements of our forefather Noah speak volumes in praise of his perspicuity of mind.

How smoothly and beautifully he gets over all the rough points in this extensive programme, and leaves no jot or iota of all the animal or vegetable portion of nature and creation slighted !

Yes, and again I say Noah was a genius.

The wheels of time move on and on, and bring

about the fruition of all these well digested plans.

The scene soon changes to a very busy one as the animals begin to arrive at the ark for embarkation.

Noah had a proper staging built, and as they came each was placed in its allotted box or stall.

. All worked well and smoothly until the time came for the musk ox to be moved on board.

When about half-way up the gang plank he seemed to change his mind about going any farther.

Coaxing with a handful of hay and shaking a pan of barley just in advance of his nose failed to tempt this animal into the dark vortex.

Pushing and gently slapping him with a clapboard met with no better success.

At length Noah's patience grew threadbare, and rushing up onto the bridge he called out to a roust-about to jump in and twist the ox's tail.

A broad shouldered, six footer flew to execute this command, but about the time he had taken three turns on the animal's caudal termination the ox reached out spasmodically with his hind foot and caught the rooster fair on his mouth.



He was afterwards observed to come down on the back of his head and shoulders well ashore, and on rising up he disgorged all his front teeth and a good share of his tongue.

He didn't make for the

ox a second time, and there were no other volunteers.

When Noah called on the boys to jump in again there was an indistinct murmur to the effect that he should try it himself. Noah could not see it by that light.

A battering ram and jack screw, operated in the rear of a portable breastwork were rigged, and by this means and no other was the musk ox gotten on board.

In due time everything is in readiness, and the only element wanting to make the voyage a success is water and plenty of it.

Doubtless many scoffers dropped around to see, and irreverent ones asked Noah when he proposed to sail, while the hoodlums and gamins advised him to drop his anchors for fear of being blown out to sea.

But the rain in due time set in and it rained, and it rained, and it rained.

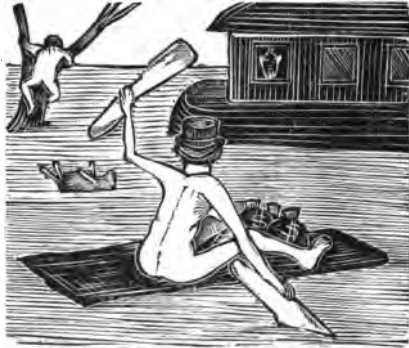
The waters arose, and arose, and arose, and kept on rising until the ark floated peacefully on the bosom of the vasty deep.

Noah then had plenty of applications for a passage, and it must have made his heart sad within him to refuse them all.

Came there a mother with two little ones grouped about her knees, she also pleads in vain; but in her mother way she holds the little ones in her outstretched arm towards him, their angel faces beaming

with innocence, moved his heart strongly with compassion, and the mother's prayer: "I am sinful and may be wicked, but I pray you strike not these children through my heart," moved him to tears. But his duty was to refuse, and he did his duty.

Hardly had he turned away and cleared the mist from his eyes, when there came a lusty cry of "Ship ahoy!"



Cautiously he reopens the port hole, and then a smile of sardonic satisfaction wreathes his countenance as he beholds the sandy hued doctor, gold spectacles and all, seated on a slab, looking like a drowned rat and having a pile of money bags between his knees. They converse thusly:

"Good day, Noah, good day; glad to see you looking so well and hearty."

"Thank'ee, doctor, thank'ee; its rather damp weather though, for visiting, except for fish and

ducks. You look quite wet and soggy, riding on that open slab ; what's up ? ”

“ Well, you see Noah, that clerk of mine just told me about presenting a bill to you, and I guessed his insolent manner of demanding immediate payment ; I also noticed by the books that he had overcharged you the sum of one hundred and twenty-seven dollars. My original bill was only for thirty cents. When I discovered this it preyed so on my mind that I could find no rest, and so I told the folks that I'd come right out and straighten the matter up with you. I gave that clerk his walking papers before I left, and also brought along with me about fifty thousand dollars in ready money which I wish to leave with some good friend until called for, and without interest, and I'll give three months' notice before I take it even then, and you're the very man I've selected to leave it with.”

At this point the wily doctor rattles his money bags about so as to seduce the heart and ear of Noah with the magic and persuasive sound of chinking gold. After waiting a space for this influence to take full effect, he continued :

“ Let down your companion way and I'll come on board, and we will fix things up where it's dry and out of the rain.”

Noah only smole his sardonic smile again, as he replied :

“ All right, Doc., it's good bait, but too thin to catch such an old herrin' as I am at this particular

date. You can go ashore, and if I conclude to take your money I'll call around and let you know."

As the doctor paddles away in the dim and rainy distance Noah soliloquizes: "I wonder what he takes me for? Everybody will be drowned here, and when it dries up the boys and I can find old saw-bones' money bags all the same. I wonder how he felt about the upper lip when he started for home! This rain ought to make his diaphragm work rather loose. He had me once very bad, but I got in the last smile good and pat and that is the sweetest by all odds," and the commodore chuckled to himself and softly rubbed his hands together as he passed into the cabin and seated himself before a good, warm and dry meal.

Again, my friends, now that the whole world is submerged save the ark and its crew and cargo, which is floating nice and smoothly along, you might suppose that Noah had nothing to do but to sit resting his elbows on his knees, holding his chin in the palms of his hands, and muse to himself this wise: "Yam, yam, Noah, how is this for high?" with other similar sentiments.

No, my friends, this would never do, as you will perceive when we scrutinize the situation more minutely.

Mondays would naturally roll around.

Now Mrs. Noah had a trick of washing on that particular date.

Soft water and soap were plenty, but where was the place to dry her clothes?

The deck was wet and no sunshine sporting about. There is but one place, viz. : the kitchen and sitting room, where warm fires were always kept aglow.

Drying wet clothes in a sitting room isn't the pleasantest thing in the world for those who do the most sitting there. Hence Noah objected and protested, and showed symptoms of spinal meningitis and influenza, all in vain. His wife had made up her mind to dry those clothes right there and then, and she informed Noah that he might like it or lump it, just as he pleased, she would dry them there all the same, and if he couldn't stand the nuisance he might go out on deck in the rain or down amidships and stay with the other animals. There remained nothing for Noah to do but to stand it, influenza and all.

Once more, my friends, it was no light task to feed all those animals three times a day and watch them besides. The different species have a natural taste for one another, and as there was only two of a kind a slip or mishap to any one of them would be irreparable, since all others were drowned.

This circumstance kept Noah and his family on a constant strain, and in spite of their watchfulness several accidents occurred.

I will give you only a single instance: Noah is snugly tucked in bed and sleeping through the silent watches of the night, his faithful spouse being in

close proximity. At this identical hour the lion broke his cage and started out on a preying expedition.

He pauses at the pen occupied by the Guinea pig and concludes from its meek manner and fat condition to make a meal of it. He soon pulls off a plank and grabs Guinea by the back of the neck.

Just here that lion made a mistake.

If there is one thing that animal can do better than another, it is to squeal. A squealing pig can get up more commotion in a given space of time among various animals than any other quadruped on the face of the earth. I will not except the mule.

An envious prima once had a small sized pig held up by the south ear just at the moment when her successful rival was thrilling with tender emotions, every heart in a large and crowded audience. The opera was Faust, and the scene the tragic one of the dying Valentine. That pig had not half finished his first squeal before a complete revolution was worked in the feelings of the entire audience. The mood of each listener was changed as if by magic, and the opera for that evening at least went out in a blaze of chagrin and disappointment.

Noah's pig was a prime squealer. It's note moved every animal in the ark and started them to howling, bellowing, roaring and screaming, each one tooting it's bassoon in the loudest key, while the alligator snapped his jaws till they boomed like the report of a smooth bore cannon.

Noah's wife was a light sleeper, and in time she awoke. She nudged her spouse several times in the ribs with her elbow, and then landed him well out in the room. Half asleep, but guided by the commotion, he instinctively dashed down into the ark with a view of setting things to rights.

He called for the boys to follow, but they played sleepy on him, saying among themselves that dad was the oldest and knew best just how to quell the riot. He bounces in, and seizing the lion by the hind leg began to yank back on him. He soon discovers that he cannot part the animals in that way, and then he calls out lustily for Ma.

She arrives at the scene of combat armed with a lantern and broom stick.

Encouraged by Noah she sets down the lantern and begins pounding on the lion with the weapon in hand. As she warms up with the exercise her stroke becomes rapid and terrible.

It caused the lion to kick lively, which wrenched Noah's arms and shoulders, and swayed him backwards and forwards several feet. Ma was so intent on her stroke that she didn't notice this fact as closely as she should have done, and the first thing she knew one of her heaviest strokes came whack on Noah's head.

It knocked him clean off his feet, but could not prevent him from getting fearfully mad. He dropped the lion's leg and squaring off sailed right into Ma, and gave it to her with both hands.

It was Ma's turn now to squeal.

Her cries soon brought the boys, the combatants were parted, Noah with a sore and lumpy head, his wife with two black eyes and a bloody nose; the animals were caged and the good ship once more sails peacefully on.

Ocean voyages become monotonous. We soon tire of a marine outlook.

Water, water everywhere and at all times is like quail on toast three times a day for month after month. It breeds a fearful longing for pork and beans. Noah became infected with *ennui*. He started the dove out of the ark for a diversion, but the poor tired thing came back and beat with its fainting wings against the casement for admission, having found no other place of refuge.

The very next day Mrs. Noah wanted him to start the bird out again. Noah chides her for her impatience, and asks her if she seriously thinks that the world could dry up in a single, solitary night.

She nurses her wrath and keeps ding-donging him day after day until at length in a fit of passion, he thoughtlessly says: "I wish that dove was dead, and then you'd give me a little peace."

This was the straw which broke her camel's back, opened up the flood gates of her pent up wrath, and loosened every fibre of her animate tongue. She made him a lecture after this wise:

"Now Noah, I always knew that you were a heartless and deceptive man at bottom. You don't

care a single, blessed straw for my comfort or any other person's but yourself. You're all the time scheming and studying for your own personal benefit without a single mite of regard for the feelings or interests of those who should be very near and dear to your heart. I believe you're getting too lazy to do anything but eat and sleep. You seem to be eating about all the time. You pretend to think a great deal of that dove. You're awful careful about that little snip, hain't you? I think I can guess the reason why you don't let it go. It's just because you're too mortal lazy to put yourself to the trouble of catching it and throwing it out of the ark. O! you needn't cry 'Stop Ma!' I've begun and am going to give you a piece of my mind before I stop. Here we've been floating, floating and floating about week after week, and it's high time something was done to bring this to a stop. Even the dumb animals are getting tired to death of this voyage, and all in the world you do is to mope around the stove and eat and sleep. You're worse than the seven year itch or the brindle cat, for he will go a mousing once in a while, but you seem to be eternally around and in my way, and when anyone asks you civilly and politely to do them a little favor you act as mean and ugly as Satan himself. 'I'm as cross as sin, am I?' Well, I hope you know at whose door to lay the blame for my being so; if that's any comfort to you you're welcome to it, and I give you fair warning that if that dove is not let out of this ark

somehow, and that very soon too, I know of someone who will go out in spite of you. I know some one who will not stay here a great while longer to be beaten and pounded and abused and tyrannized over by you, and when I'm gone and drowned and my body eaten up by the fishes, I can then hope for a little rest, and you can lay the flattering unction to your soul that it was all your doing, and that you drove me to that pitch of desperation by your base and heartless treatment. And I rejoice to think that there will be not another woman left in the world for you to wheedle with soft talk, and then when you have fairly got her entangled, to begin wearing her life out with your abuse. You—"

Noah had been waking up while this discourse was being delivered; had hemmed and hawed, and smiled and laughed and whistled; he pretended to be sleepy and yawned, but all to no purpose.

In despair of putting a stop to it in any other manner, he sprang to the dove cage, caught that bird convulsively in his hand, and just as his wife was beginning another sentence, opened the casement and sent the poor innocent whizzing out into the free air, and as he did so remarked:

"For heaven's sake and mine too, Ma, I hope you will now be satisfied and close your bread trap for five minutes, for if you do not you will drive me crazy with your eternal lingo!"

Ma having carried her point came to a pause, and

in silence gradually cooled down to her normal condition.

The dove soon returned with a green bough in it's beak. This appearance was quite opportune, as it symbolized the peace which now reigned supreme in Noah's household as well as informing them that dry land had again made it's appearance above the waters.

Mrs. Noah simply remarked : " See Pa, I told you so ! " and when Noah acknowledged his fault and admitted that he was at times a little cross and crusty and liable to make cutting remarks, and asked her forgiveness, how quickly the tears well up into her kind eyes, and with what tenderness does she take him into her arms and drop kisses of wifely love and duty here and there at proper intervals around and about his manly countenance.



While this scene of reconciliation was progressing the keel of the ark grates on dry land, and soon Noah with his family, and all living animals march forth to begin their old tricks once more on terra firma.

And now, my orthodox or evangelical friends, you might at this stage of my remarks, with a great deal of propriety ask : " To what end are these observations of Coriolanus Dingbat tending ? " and I

can but in justice to you as well as myself reply:

Here Dingbat descended from his four-legged throne, raised himself to his full height, pressed the wart on his nose with the digit finger of one hand as if to induce inspiration, stretched the remaining hand palm outward towards his audience, and sinking his voice to it's most deep and manly tones, continued:

Somewhere, at some time, I learned a sentiment to the effect that the letter kills but the spirit maketh whole, which after a manner, we may apply to the case in hand. If we accept this legend of Noah and the ark as an actual, literal occurrence, then it is but just to reason about it as I have done in the preceding remarks. On such a voyage all those incidents with numerous other ones, which will quite naturally suggest themselves at every point of the proceedings, might have and probably did transpire. To men of common sense—now numerous and their numbers constantly increasing—such an interpretation is all bosh and humbug to put it even mildly.

Should you arise to a higher plane and breathe the atmosphere of a broader intellectuality and look at and receive it only in a typical sense, how sublime the change which transpires in this regard. When viewed merely as a figure or type of the voyage of life, how truly does it apply to all that is animate in boundless space.

Not an animal or plant in nature which does not in its brief or lengthened existence experience these

vicissitudes. To man as the crowning work of earth's creations, as combining soul, thought, aspiration, with animal existence, with what powerful emphasis does this type apply ?

There is not a single being of all this race whose ark is not now floating over the sea of life, freighted with those germs which are destined to go on and on through the myriad of crowding years in comparison to which the days of this existence are as the days of the ark to the age of the earth on which it lodged.

We come from the vast unknown lying just back of us, we live and grow, we love, we work, we struggle, we fight, we weaken, and pass on into the vast unknown lying ever in advance.

No man living knows the past. No man living knows the future. Each is infinite and can only be comprehended by infinity. Man's capacities have their boundaries beyond which they cannot go, and when shall the infinite be comprehended by the finite ?

In our egotism we make man or ourself the central figure of all this vast creation, and around it revolve everything in this boundless universe, as being merely supplemental or created for ourselves ; when as a fact which falls under the observation of each of us, man is but as a drop in the ocean in comparison even with those numberless, grand orbs which float around us in abysmal space.

These spheres, doubtless, as all else in nature, have their dates of youth and age and decline. The space of time which we call life long is to them but the

tick of the seconds in their unit of time; all the years covered by human chronology as but an era of pleasant slumber. Who shall say that these grand orbs are not thinking, sentient beings, going on in their magnificent courses, and in comparison to them man is but as the vermin on the ox or fleas upon the dog, and that they are floating ever onward as even we?

Thus on, and outward and beyond, might we project our thought until our minds become baffled and bewildered by the vast vistas which open out before us at each advance.

By this train of thought how grand becomes our homage and sincere our worship of that Being who thus harmoniously moves by universal law all this infinity of subjects.

At this shrine all men have bowed in worship and thus must they continue through all the ages yet to be. It is a sentiment in every heart, and finds expression in each life. We erect our proudest altars and on them pour our richest and most sacred treasures.



But when, my orthodox and evangelical friends, you hang the destiny of humanity upon a single man called Noah, liable to be cut off and slain by the countless forces which antagonize the individual existence, not excepting a stroke of lightning or the kick of a mule, you bring things from the sublime to the ridiculous, with such forcible

contrast, as to make me shudder at your mental opaqueness.

Do not do so again, please, for your own sakes, or if too unselfish to take into consideration such a reason, remember that here and now, I, Coriolanus Dingbat, A. D. 1879, in the rear room of a drug store, on the western bank of the Mississippi River, in the United States of America, about the date of the centennial anniversary of their foundation, then and there prayed and implored of you never to do so again, at least in a public manner or place. Even if you honestly entertain such opinions, restrain your willing tongues from promulgating them for the honor of universal humanity and the well being of true religion.



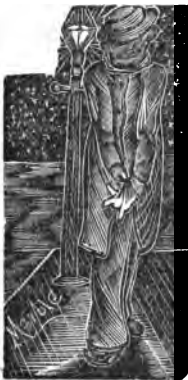
To love one another and to do unto others as you would be done by, is the corner stone, the arch and keystone of all the teachings of the Nazarine. By trying or striving to live out in daily life this sentiment, what beautiful records could we make, and how acceptable such homage to Him who bade us so to do.

But what a fearful record have many of His professed followers been building up during all the centuries which have come and gone since He spake His simple commands !

Creeds and dogmas and theological tenets have

been heaped with lavish profusion all over this gentle rule, until men have become bewildered and many disgusted with this unceasing scene of crimination and recrimination, anathema, excommunication, war, murder, executions and defamation, which seem to be the only elements on which they exist. Were it not for the divine strength breathed into His teachings by the Nazarine, these numberless infamies of his professed followers would ages ago have consigned His system to eternal darkness.

It is only the lives of the truly pious, those who have caught up the spirit which He breathed upon humanity, that has saved and perpetuated the love and worship of His legend; and thus must they continue to do on and on to the end, and as the early followers looked upon Him as their Redeemer, may we not also thus regard these noble ones who anchor our faith in humanity, and lead us higher and higher



up the steps which ascend to that glorious epoch where all will live out in their lives the teachings of love, and make of mankind a peaceful and universal brotherhood.

But, gentlemen, the time for my sojourn with you is finished, and I cry you all good night, and may pleasant dreams betide your slumbers.

Saying which, our orator buttoned up his coat, pulled on his gloves,

walked boldly out into the gas lighted street, and from thence disappeared into the gloomy shadows of the night.

In chorus we exclaimed: Hail, Dingbat! Thou compound cathartic, hail and farewell.

WIDOWED.

I was sitting to-night by the corse of one
Who was very dear to me;
Dear, did I say, yea all in all,
For he was married to me.

'Twas years ago on a fair May eve,
We stood by the altar's side,
And vowed the vows and passed the ring,
Which tokened me his bride.

How grand the world to me seemed then;
The future, O how bright!
And I dreamed of going on through life
In this glow of hallowed light.

The years speed on, and with them change
Comes like a thief at night,
And casts a shadow day by day
Upon my halo bright.

Change with a demon which men call
The demon of strong drink,
Steals in our household and I dread
Of his wild deeds to think.

Day by day my loved one yields,
Day by day I sorrow,
And the gloom grows, ah, so dark!
That I dread the morrow.

Tears, prayers, entreaties all in vain,
His heart seemed turned to stone;
What should I do—what could I do,
But bear my cross alone?

But he is dead! my noble friend
Lies cold and silent now,
And loving tears from my sad eyes
Rest on his pallid brow.

O, darling, I forgive the past!
Forgive all that is meet,
For well I know thy heart is true,
Beneath its winding sheet.

My griefs, my sorrows, blasted hopes,
Might seem a mighty train;
Yet thy great love, yet thy true love,
Hath balanced all again.

O, speed on time! go fast ye hours!
Glide with your pulsing feet!
Till it shall come that hour supreme,
When we shall once more meet.

Meet as of old in those golden days,
Where demons shall come no more,
And we shall rejoice, and we shall be glad,
Forever and evermore.

EPILOGUE.



Did you e're see a chipmunk playing on the prairie in the glad and winsome summer time?

If yea, you've surely noticed that he moves quite briskly, feeding now a moment, and then standing up with listening ear to catch all passing sounds.

Should strange or threatening rumors be observed, with rapid stride he disappears into some friendly hole.

But, just before he makes his exit from the open air, again he rises to his utmost height, to make "assurance doubly sure."

Thus with the writer of this book. Just now, like chipmunk, he is standing all erect with eye and ear intent, to watch and hear the rumors and the doings which his work excites among the people it may come to.

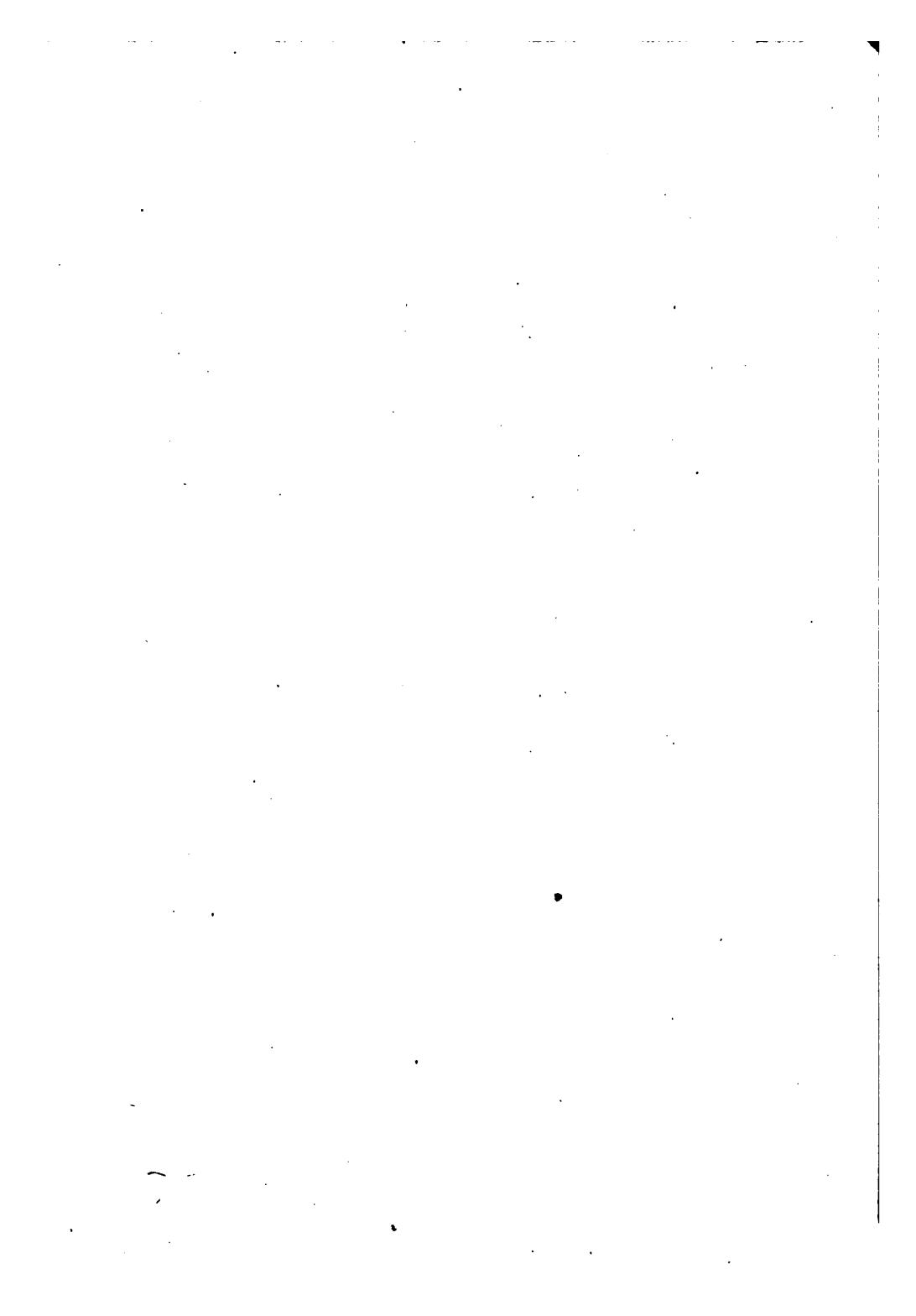
Should they prove kind, he then may sport and live among the herbs and grasses, and enjoy the sun and all the good things of the outer world.

But should they prove ominous, and threaten harm to body or to mind, that heavy and sore galling to be borne may be. then like the cunning chipmunk, with a rush down in my dark and lonesome hole I'll go—and try and take the hole in with me.



CT/

183



CT1

183



